The Beaver

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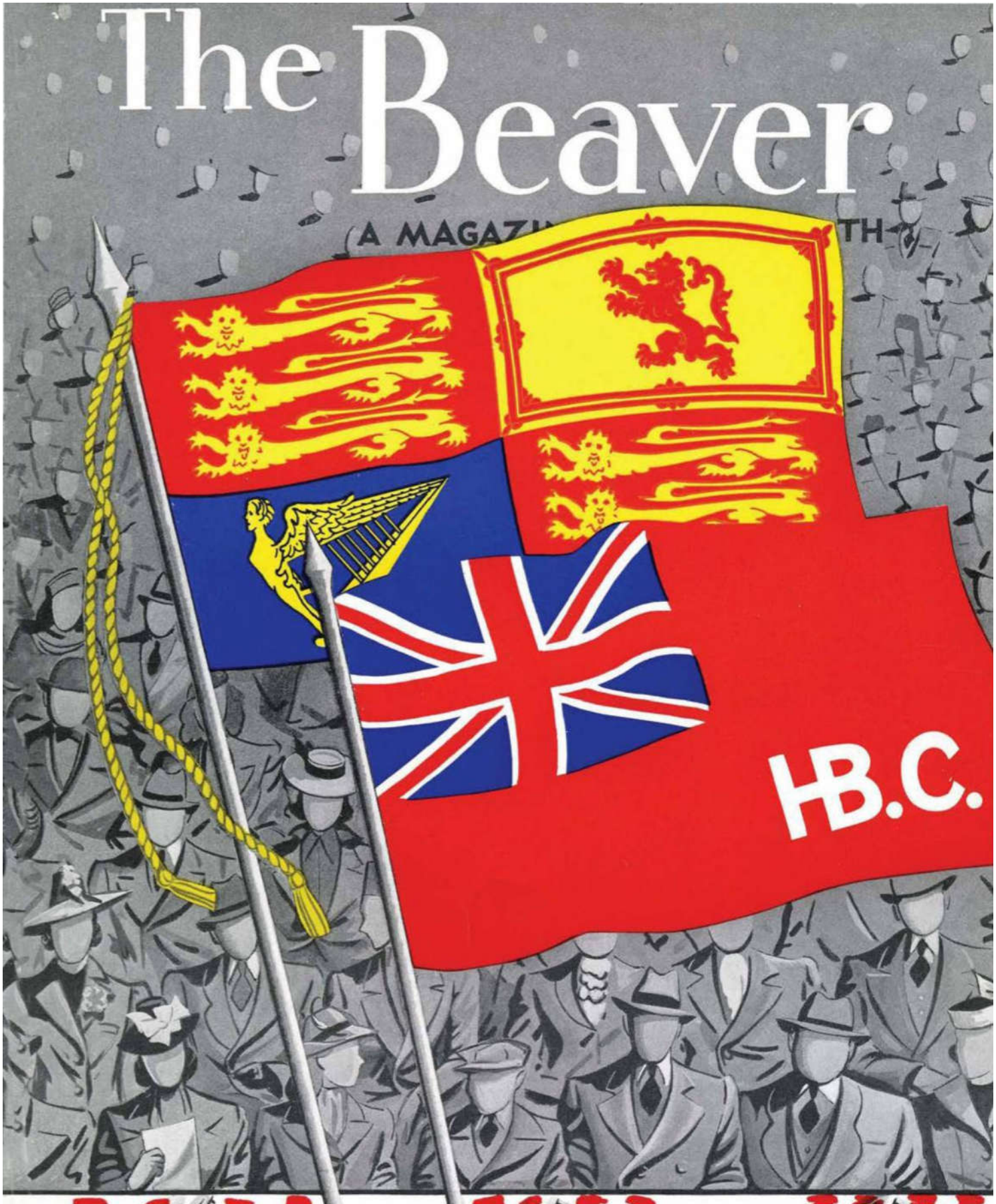

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY Hudson's Bay Company. OUTFIT 270 NUMBER

. . . "But whether we smoke or whether we sing
Let us be loyal and remember the King!"

THE BEAVER

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

OUTFIT 270 JUNE 1939 NUMBER 1

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Address: THE BEAVER, Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg.

THE HBC PACKET

Our Governor, Mr. Patrick Ashley Cooper, accompanied by Mrs. Cooper and their two daughters, is expected in Winnipeg on 21st May. After spending a week in Winnipeg, the Governor will make a tour of the Company's establishments in Western Canada which will include many branches of the Fur Trade department. All units will be delighted to learn that Mr. Cooper is to be accompanied by Mrs. Cooper, whose friendliness and genuine interest in Company people make her a most welcome visitor.

A great event in Company history will be the paying of the rent on the 24th May. In nearly three centuries the ceremony of yielding and paying two elks and two black beavers has occurred twice only, and this is the first time it has been paid to a reigning sovereign. The formal programme, the historic rent, and the address to the King will be found on subsequent pages.

Their Majesties, who will be accompanied by Prime Minister Mackenzie King and the members of the royal party, will be met by the Governor and Mrs. Cooper and conducted to the stand erected by Fort Garry Gate, where the ceremony takes place. The entire staff of the Company in Winnipeg will attend. The ceremony will be broadcast by long and short wave throughout the British Empire, and it will be recorded by the Canadian Government's motion picture bureau.

The wide spreading elk heads and lustrous black beaver skins, to which have been attached old "made beaver" coins, are only nominally presented. Later they may be shipped home to England, since they are much too bulky to be added to the royal train.

A "made beaver" token attached to each of the black beaver skins for the royal presentation requires some explanation. Until not so many years ago these tokens were the coinage used at posts. For its first hundred years the Company operated comfortably in Rupert's Land without currency. Various objects were used as tallies to bridge the gulf between valuing a season's catch of furs and the trapper chosing his trade goods. To simplify the system "made beaver" coins were introduced in various denominations. They were of brass and bore the letter of the district where they were used: E M for East Main, Y F for York Factory, M F for Moose Factory. They were also stamped with the number or fraction of "made beaver" represented by the token. Through an error in an engraver's die many were stamped N B instead of M B. On the reverse of the better tokens appears the Company coat-of-arms. One "made beaver" equalled the skin of an adult beaver in prime condition and of good quality.

This year we pay our rent in elks and beavers, but more than two centuries ago Company payments to the reigning sovereign took a more practical and no less tangible form. In those days the king was a shareholder and on one occasion at least he received his dividend in gold.

James Duke of York had been given £300 stock in the Company of which he was the second Governor. On his abdication this passed to William of Orange, and on September 26, 1690, Sir Edward Dering, deputy governor, with four members of the Committee and other Adventurers, went to Kensington Palace bearing the accrued dividends of the king in golden guineas. Their address to the king has fresh interest today:

"May it Please your Matie.

"Your Maties. Most Loyall & Dutiful Subjects, the Hudson's Bay Compa. begg Leave most humbly to Congratulate Yr. Maties Happy Returne home (after the Battle of the Boyne) with Honour & Safety; And wee doe daily pray to Heaven (that Hath Soe Wonderfully preservd. your Royall person) that in all your Undertakeings yr. Matie may bee as Victorious as Caesar as Beloved as Titus, and (after all) have the glorious Long Reigne & Peacefull End of Augustus.

"On this Happy Ocasion wee desier allso most humbly to Present to your Matie. a divedend of three hundred Guines Upon three Hundred pounds Stock in the Hudson's Bay Compa. now Rightfully devolved to your Matie. And altho wee have been the greatest Sufferers of any Compa. from those Common Enemies of all mankind the French, yet when your Maties. Just Armes Shall have given Repose to all Christendome, Wee also Shall Enjoy our Share, of those great Benefitts, & doe not doubt but to appeare often with this golden frute in our hands Under the Happy Influence of your Maties. Most Gracious protection over Us & all our Concernes. Which wee most Humbly begg."

Sir Edward Dering then "upon his knees humbly presented to his Matie. the purse of Gold, which his Matie. Receiving was Graciously pleased to declare that he tooke this there Address & Congratulation Verry Kindly, & that he should be Ready to give them all the Protection & favour in all their affaires which he could: And then the Deputy Governr. and all the Rest had the Honour to Kiss His Maties. hand."

The 270th Annual General Court was held appropriately on the 269th anniversary of the granting of the Company's charter. In the course of his address to the shareholders, the Governor gave the following appreciation of staff work:

"I often feel that there is an air of formality and emptiness about the references at company meetings to the work of the staff and about the thanks expressed to them. I should like to emphasise how sincere is our expression of thanks, for indeed we owe it to them in full measure. Boards may plan and senior executives may lead and administer; but in the last event it is the rank and file on whom the business depends. We have not only a very big staff but one which is widely scattered, and this makes it more difficult for each one to feel in touch with the rest of the Company and to feel that he, or she, is really needed. I hope that every member of this Company will realise to the full the truth that, in however lowly a position, they are doing a job of real importance to the Company and one in which pride can, and should, be taken."

The Governor's concluding paragraph will also have a special interest for those in Canada who work for the Company:

"I would like to end my speech on this same note that I struck at the beginning. The more that I see and know of Canada, the more confidence I feel in her latent powers and potentialities. She is endowed not only with immense riches in her territories but also with a vigorous and adventurous people who cannot be held back. The short term view may indeed seem dark and discouraging but I know that we, particularly in this old Company, can take the long view and have faith in Canada's inevitable growth and expansion which must prove stronger than the present uncertainties and difficulties. In this advance I know that the Company will take a leading part as it has always done throughout its history for we have today a great team which is well trained and eager to make the very most of its opportunities."

For the second volume of the Hudson's Bay Record Society's publications, Colin Robertson's Correspondence, 1817-1822, has been chosen as a lively, vigorous document which deals with all the important factors involved in the struggle between the Hudson's Bay Company and the North West Company, and in the ultimate coalition of the two concerns. It was Robertson, above all others, who insisted that the Hudson's Bay Company must penetrate into Athabaska and there compete with the North West Company. A former Northwester, he organized and finally led the expeditions, and his views on the Hudson's Bay Company and its operations are those of an outside observer of keen mind and considerable literary ability.

Robertson's letters involve constant reference to the numerous other documents which deal with this important topic, and open up a new chapter in the history and internal development of the Hudson's Bay Company. The introduction to this document has demanded so much research in the archives of the Company that it is being written by the General Editor of the series, Mr. E. E. Rich, of St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, England.

There are now 521 members of the Record Society, of whom 218 are from Canada, 115 from the United States, 178 from England, and ten from other countries.

The State of Washington has been celebrating its Golden Jubilee in festivals, pageantry, rodeos, speechmaking, and general gaiety, all sponsored by the Washington Historical Society. Glowing reports of these affairs, drifting across the 49th parallel, serve as a reminder that if the British Government had heeded Sir George Simpson the Jubilee might have taken place on Canadian soil. Felicitations, therefore, have a tinge of nostalgia for this Pacific Eden which British statesmen permitted to become a state rather than a province, influenced, it is said, by the Prime Minister's brother writing home that the Columbia was worthless for fly-fishing.

During the year Hudson's Bay House employees attended a series of "Know Your Company" talks sponsored jointly by the Girls' Study Club and the Beaver Club, and held at the close of the office day. In addition to the Stores Department talk noted in the March *Beaver* the General Manager contributed a clear analysis of the functions of the Canadian Committee office, Mr. Joslyn described the work of the Land department, and Mr. Veysey outlined the history and development of the Wine and Spirit department. Apart from this, men of Hudson's Bay House organized the Round Table Club which met at dinner once a month. Some phase of Company activity was presented by a chosen member and followed by critical discussion of the subject covered. The Round Table Club intends to resume meetings in the fall.

The choir of the Vancouver store practically swept the British Columbia Musical Festival, and is to sing at City Hall before the King and Queen during a programme which will be broadcast to the world. The choir won the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation award for highest marks; the Bach challenge cup for the third time, and the B. C. Electric championship cup.

With a clear bill of mechanical health, the *Nascopie* leaves Montreal July 8 for her twenty-eighth voyage to Arctic posts. In addition to the Canadian Government's Eastern Arctic Patrol and a detachment of Royal Canadian Mounted Police, she carries a full passenger list and the usual number of fur traders assigned to new posts to replace men transferred or coming out on furlough. At least one of the passengers came a long way to make the trip for he wired his reservation from Durban, South Africa, before leaving for London by Imperial Airways.

Chief Trader L. A. Learmonth, who has lived beyond the Arctic Circle for twenty-eight years, will move from his post at Fort Ross to undertake scientific and exploratory work for the Royal Ontario Museum. He will be on familiar ice on King William and North Somerset islands.

Chief Trader William Gibson moves from King William island to Fort Ross post, and he is being succeeded on King William by J. J. McIsaac, who returns from furlough in England.

Weather and ice permitting, the Company ships will once more make the North West Passage when the *Aklavik* meets the *Nascopie* at Fort Ross. The motor ship *Fort Ross*, which wintered at Bernard Harbour, will nose her way east along the Arctic coast in July, and with favourable conditions will make King William island.

Yielded and Paid to His Majesty
King George the Sixth
by the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England
Trading into Hudsons Bay, under the terms of their charter
granted by King Charles the Second to their first
Governor, Prince Rupert, 2nd May 1670.
Winnipeg, Canada. 24th May 1939

Fanfare of Trumpets

His Majesty Arrives

THE HIGH STEWARD SHALL CALL:

"Patrick Ashley Cooper"

THE HIGH BAILIFF SHALL CALL:

"Patrick Ashley Cooper"

PATRICK ASHLEY COOPER, ESQUIRE, COMES FORWARD AND READS THE ADDRESS AND THEN HANDS IT TO HIS MAJESTY

THE HIGH STEWARD SHALL PROCLAIM:

"Are you ready and willing to render your Suit and Service as in duty bound."

PATRICK ASHLEY COOPER, ESQUIRE, SHALL THEN ANSWER

"Ready Indeed, and we hereby tender to His Most Gracious Majesty two Elk Heads and two Black Beaver Skins with the humble expression of our loyalty, love and affection, now and so long as we shall live."

THE PRESENTATION IS THEN MADE, THE TENANT KNEELING ON ONE KNEE.

HIS MAJESTY WILL BE PLEASED TO ACCEPT THE TRIBUTE

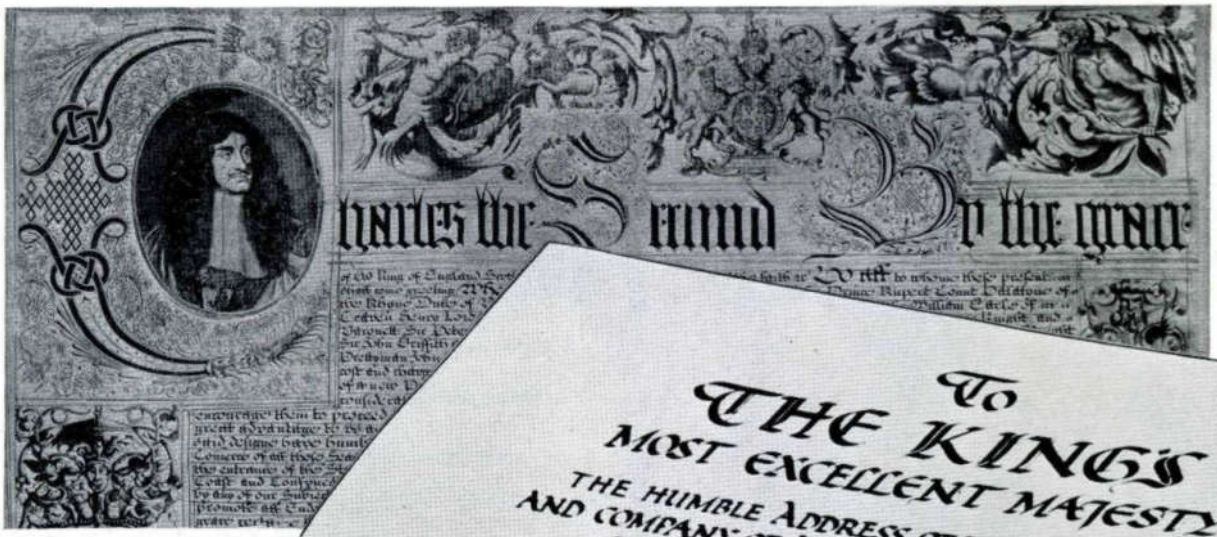
THE HIGH BAILIFF:

"Let Every Man Depart and keep his day upon a new warning and so God Save the King."

THE HIGH STEWARD SHALL PROCLAIM:

"God Save King George the Sixth"

Fanfare of Trumpets



To THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY

THE HUMBLE ADDRESS OF THE GOVERNOR AND COMPANY OF ADVENTURERS OF ENGLAND TRADING INTO HUDSON'S BAY.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY We, the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay, beg humbly to offer our loyal duty on the occasion of your entering into our ancient territories.

Under the terms of the Charter, granted to our Company by His Majesty King Charles II in 1670, it was ordained that we should pay tribute to him, his Heirs and Successors. This tribute was to be rendered whensoever the Reigning Sovereign should enter into his territory of Rupert's Land of which our Governor and Company were created the true and absolute Lords and Proprietors, subject to the paramount Seignory of His Majesty. We therefore humbly ask Your Majesty to be pleased to accept from us these two Elk Heads and these two Black Beaverskins as a token of our historic tribute.

This ancient Company is ever mindful of the great honour conferred upon it by the appointment of Prince Rupert as its first Governor, and of James, Duke of York, afterwards King James II, as its second Governor.

We would most respectfully submit that the trust reposed in our Company by our Royal Founder in granting to us such wide powers has not been misplaced. In developing the trade for furs our Company has explored these territories to their furthest limits and established ordered settlements as far west as the Pacific Coast. For two centuries we maintained peace among the races committed to our charge. When therefore we surrendered our territories to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, it was in the confidence that Rupert's Land and her peoples were worthy to take their place within Your Majesty's Dominion of Canada.

May we further express to Your Majesty our humble gratitude for being allowed to present this Address at a place so full of historic interest. This Gateway where Your Majesty is graciously pleased to receive us was the entrance to the principal Fort of our Company on the Red River, the establishment of which in 1822 set the seal upon the Union of our Company and the North West Company. This Union extended the range of our activities to the Pacific Coast and secured for all time by right of occupation an outlet on the Pacific Ocean, now become of such vast importance to this Dominion.

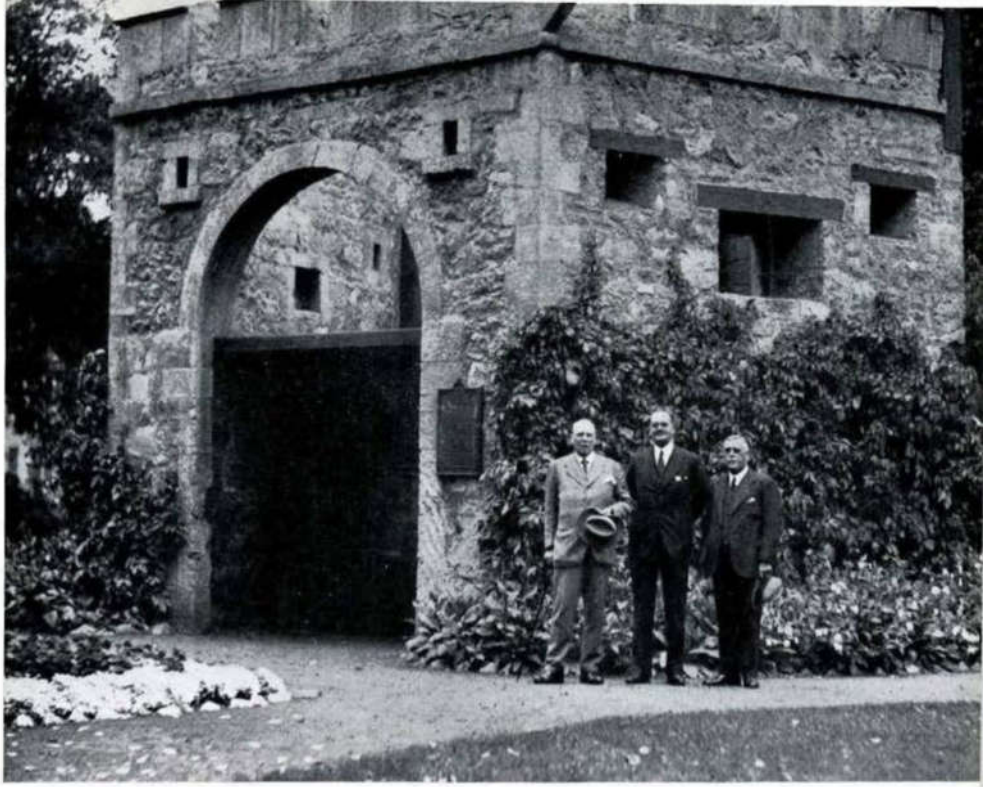
We most humbly pray that Your Majesty may continue to be granted under Divine Providence a happy and glorious Reign based on freedom, justice and peace throughout Your Majesty's Empire.

P. A. Cooper
Governor

Alex R. Mendray
Deputy Governor

George W. Allese
Chairman of Canadian Committee

24th May 1939



Fort Garry Gateway and the three who signed the Company's address to the King: (left to right) George W. Allan, Chairman of the Canadian Committee; P. A. Cooper, Governor; Sir Alexander Murray, Deputy Governor.

THIS is the north gate and all that survives of the large establishment of a century ago, Upper Fort Garry. The gate was added to the fort in 1855 as a private entrance to the residence of the governor, later leased to Canada for the use of the lieutenant-governors of Manitoba. Here on May 24, Governor Cooper is to read the address to the King and present the Company's tribute.

Since the turn of the century the castellated gateway in its pleasant setting has been a quiet place. People sit on the green benches in the shade of trees planted long ago; children run along the paths; boys climb to the gate loopholes to play soldiers; and usually at noon men and women from Hudson's Bay House across the street will be found there. No one dreamed that ever again would a magnesium light flare over this architectural remnant of gray Tyndall stone.

In days past it was a setting for stirring scenes, standing as it does at a crossroads of Canadian history, the joining place of the Red and Assiniboine rivers, where successive forts had been built since the first Frenchmen blazed their brave trails west. Here came the first deputy governor of the Company to see Rupert's Land: Nicholas Garry, chosen for his mission because he was the only unmarried member of the Committee.

One member of the Committee had been here first; the great and deeply tragic figure, Thomas Douglas, fifth Earl of Selkirk, who sacrificed his life and fortune that evicted Scottish crofters might find homes here.

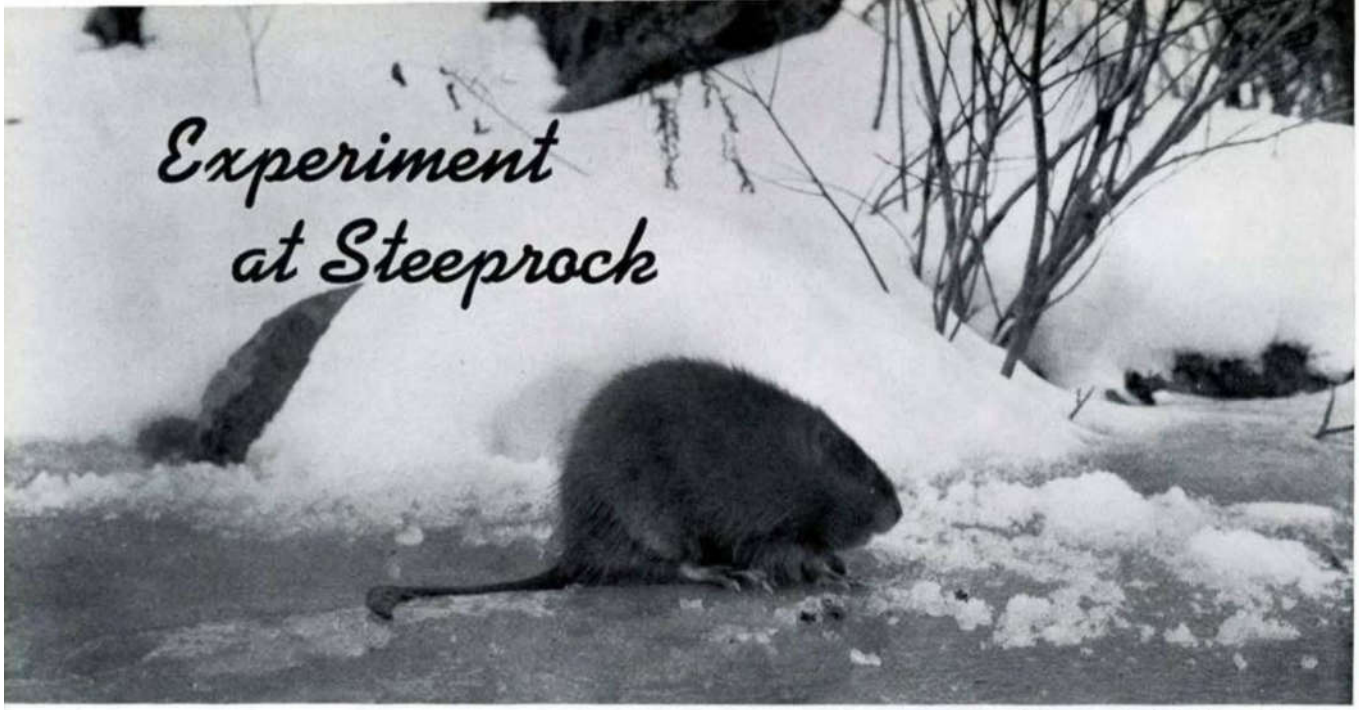
Governor-in-chief Sir George Simpson had the new large fort built. Here he stopped at intervals in his long travels and used all his diplomacy to ease the growing pains of a coming province of Canada, not mentioning those of fur traders. Explorers, soldiers, scientists, insurrectionists, and the early emissaries from Canada attending the troubled birth of Manitoba, were sheltered within these walls, and somehow Company men contrived to maintain an air of hospitable neutrality towards all.

In the whole panorama of the country's story Fort Garry gate looked down upon its strangest scene on an icy January day in 1870 when the population of Red River Settlement gathered anxiously inside the walls to hear Donald Smith read a message from Queen Victoria and state his mission from the Canadian Government. Commissioner Smith stood on a rough platform flanked on either side by Red River carts. Beside him were Louis Riel and representatives of the settlement's new provisional government. Above them, snapping coldly in a bitter north wind, flew the Metis flag, *fleurs-de-lis* and shamrock on a white ground. For five hours more than a thousand men stood in the intense cold while the Hudson's Bay man stated the case for Canada and for the future Manitoba. A curious quirk of fate had made him spokesman at this crisis. Sir John Macdonald concluded that he was head of the Company in Canada, though actually he was in charge of the Montreal office, and asked him to go to Red River to inquire into the dissatisfaction which had arisen over the badly bungled arrangements for Manitoba entering into the Dominion. Time corrected Sir John's error, and Mr. Smith was to be Governor of the Company for twenty-five years.

It was as Governor in 1897 that Baron Strathcona and Mount Royal stood once more on a platform built near the present gate for the formal presentation of this historic landmark to the rising city of Winnipeg. This time the August day was bright and hot, the platform swathed in bunting and British flags, and the former commissioner addressed a group of substantial, frock-coated Winnipeg citizens.

It seemed that this would have been the final curtain, but time dealt another card. Once more on the Good Queen's birthday Fort Garry gate will be bathed in glory. There will be bands and trumpets and uniforms and masses of people and bunting for the great moment when a reigning King receives the quaint tribute required by the Company's Charter. And for the first time in history the story of a meeting by the old gate will be broadcast to the world.

Experiment at Steeprock



Pictures by William Blowey.

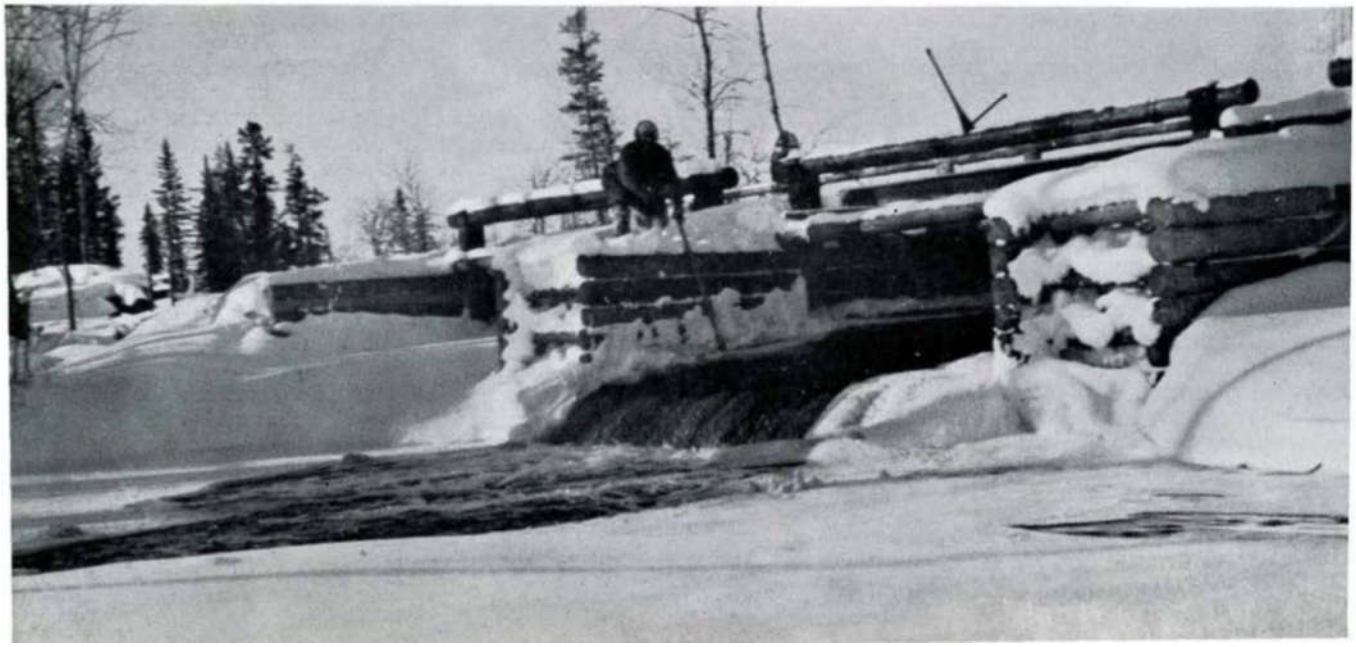
THIS continent of North America has been steadily embarking on large conservation schemes to replenish the wild animal population. Apart from a steady tightening up of trapping laws, the various governments concerned have set aside areas where trapping is either prohibited entirely or sharply limited. By this means the two factors most intimately concerned—the native population and the fur bearers—will be given a fresh lease of life.

The idea of fur conservation is almost as old as the Company itself. As far back as the records go, Company men knew that over-trapping was short-sighted, and that fur production was not inexhaustible. They advised the Indians to use the whole of the animals they killed for food, and told them the danger of useless slaughter. The Indians, of course, had their own primitive conception of giving at least some of the animals a square deal, and they parcelled out their trapping grounds and planned to move periodically so that areas could be "rested."

While it is too early now to forecast successfully the result of the schemes being undertaken, one small experiment conducted by the Fur Trade Department has attained sufficient proportions today to justify a story. It is not labelled a conservation project, but is simply a muskrat ranch operated in a district from which either all muskrats had fled or been forcibly removed via the trapline.

The area set aside for the experiment is called Steeprock Marsh, and lies west of Lake Winnipegosis and close to the Saskatchewan border. The source of the marsh is forty miles away in the Porcupine mountains, a region dotted by many lakes. At the start, the muskrat population of the marsh was not more than fifty animals. The maximum catch of the three previous years had been 300, and in 1931 only fifty were taken. The time had long since passed when trappers could expect to make a living here. Older men remembered when the muskrat houses had been so thick that the marsh looked like a hay field in coils.

Dam in winter, three sluices closed.



High prices and free trapping had extracted the last skin until few fur bearers remained to reproduce their kind.

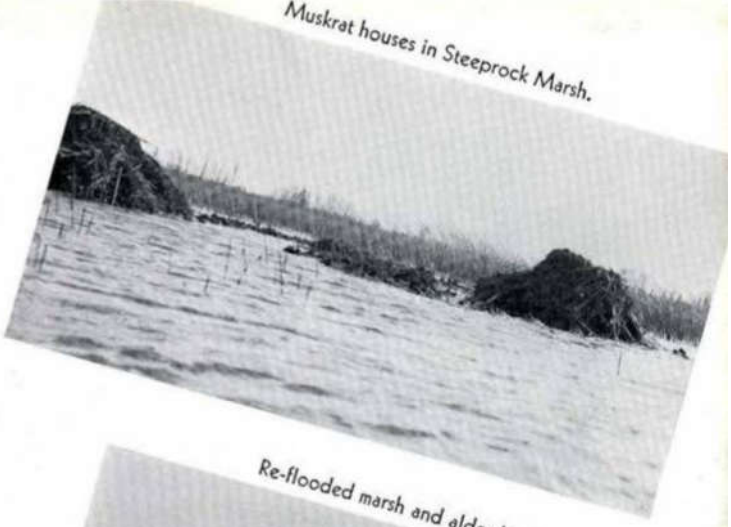
When this 2,000-acre district was set aside for Company development, plans were made to raise water levels, since it was important to have fresh water flowing through the marsh and at the same time to replenish the food supply. Native labour was used entirely. Thus the Indian, deprived of his only livelihood, became the first beneficiary of a scheme which aimed ultimately at restoring his hereditary means of making a living. A dam was built, and the water level raised nearly four feet. Elsewhere, wild rice was sown generously, but in the newly flooded part it will take some time to develop the necessary strong growth of marsh plant life. Here there had been a shore growth of saw grass. After the third year of flooding, this grass gave up in despair and floated as a huge mat with a second mat of roots and muck underneath. Eventually, cattail and iris, thatch grass, bog bean and arrowheads appeared, and this new soil is providing a fertile base for marsh and aquatic plant life.

By 1936, it was considered safe to trap off a few muskrat without endangering the success of the scheme. The number taken then was 1,575. In 1937 it was possible to remove 2,026 of the stock, and last year, 3,542. Ample breeding stock remained.

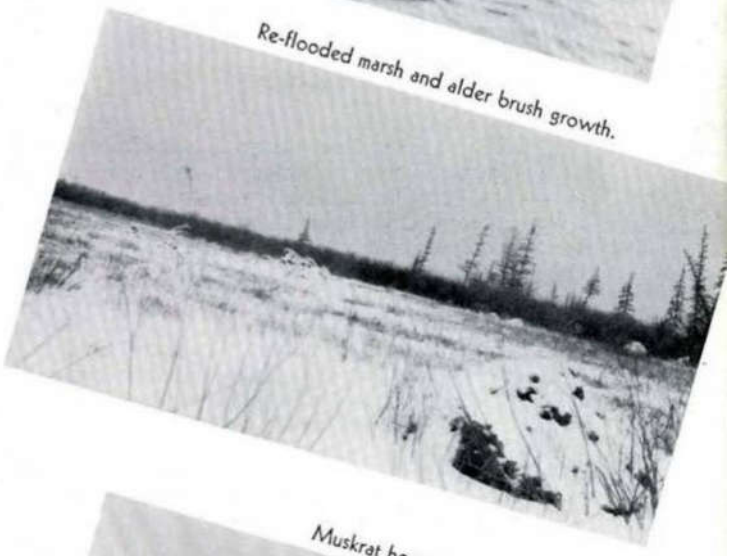
The manager of the marsh, William Blowey, says that in that northern climate with its short summer season, the usual number of litters is two, although there may be three a year. Litters vary from three to seven young, the first being born from the middle of June to the first of July.

The marsh of course harbours many other animals than muskrat, though the predatory kind are discouraged. Several pairs of beavers were liberated, produced their young, and settled down to enjoy life on the creeks. The new litters ventured outside the bounds of the Company property and had to be rescued and brought back home. A sharp watch is maintained against the hereditary enemies of the muskrat —coyotes, foxes, owls and mink.

The Steeprock experiment in the short space of five years has demonstrated the possibilities of the larger schemes on which governments are now embarking.



Muskrat houses in Steeprock Marsh.



Re-flooded marsh and alder brush growth.

Muskrat homes near the dam.

Good cover of thatch grass on Steeprock Marsh.

In Search of History

by JAMES McCOOK

AFTER various frustrations in an impassioned search for western history, satisfaction came on the puny banks of the wandering Qu'Appelle river in southern Saskatchewan. Previous *Beavers* have recorded my chagrin at Old Bow Fort between Calgary and Banff, and at Fort St. James in northern British Columbia. Now Fort Qu'Appelle was altogether worthwhile, a genuine faith-restorer to the amateur in pursuit of history. Blessings on its remnants!

The story opens on a street in Regina with me bowed in humility before a man who had actually visited Fort Prince of Wales at Churchill. We prairie-bound creatures hush our voices when men speak in capitals of the Great Lone North, the Waste of Ice and Snow, Beyond the Arctic Rim, Down North, and the Land That Men Forgot. And of course Fort Prince of Wales fits right into the picture.

"You see, Hearne really couldn't do anything but give up the Fort to the French because his powder magazine wasn't near enough," said my august acquaintance as he warmed to his subject.

"But just one shot," I pleaded. "Just one shot to show the Hudson's Bay people weren't scared of their enemies. He could have made some kind of a deal afterwards. People can always make deals, and the French weren't that tough."

"No, no, not at all. Hearne was perfectly right not to shoot. There was nothing to do but give up Fort Prince of Wales. Just think what would have happened had he resisted those fellows. I . . . . ."

Now the matter of Hearne and what he did and did not do to the French is not to be lightly settled. Anyhow not on a hot street in a blazing sun. There are two ways of diverting people determined to prove the old trader was an heroic soul. One is to fell them with a spanner. The other is to distract their attention by dragging up another fort. I jumped nimbly into the breach.

"Fort Qu'Appelle," I said firmly.

"What? Where is it?"

"Fort Qu'Appelle—Hudson's Bay fort—just down that road a piece. Ruins 'n everything," I hurried.

'Don't believe it," he parried.

"Oh yes," I assured him. "Fort Qu'Appelle before the Union of the Companies. Nice and old! Hoary."

"Alright. Let's go," said he, "and I hope you can prove it."

The car was boiling before we had passed the provincial jail on the outskirts.

"Grasshoppers," diagnosed my friend, pushing down on the brakes.

We found one of his wife's hairpins in the front seat, and speared a roasted grasshopper from the radiator. There were lots left and we felt discouraged.

"Trouble in the timing," we agreed, cheerfully avoiding the issue and elevating our noses from the prevailing smell of roasting insect. We jogged on at a slower pace, ruminating on the hardships endured by the pioneers who had travelled this way long ago. After all we were riding on cushioned seats even if we did have to keep our heads stuck out the side windows on account of the windshield being obscured by steam. We only pulled them in for a shower of boiling spray from the radiator cap. Ah, those valiant pioneers—Harmon, Hind, Palliser, Archbishop Taché, Hourie, Joseph McKay, the Marquess of Lorne, and old Chief Factor Archibald McDonald himself—had passed this way on spirited horses, in comfortable dog sleighs, or jolting Red River carts. Well, modern transport was a great blessing.

At Maclean we had to wait an hour before it was safe to approach our chariot, and my companion passed the time assuring the members of the local bucket brigade that he wouldn't need them today, thanks. The garageman withdrew six grasshoppers from the radiator and said he wished he had a blower arrangement. We'd better go home while we could. Wherever we drove we would collect more grasshoppers. The sooner home, the fewer in the radiator.

But searchers after history are not the kind to be turned aside by a few grasshoppers. Not with the thought of a hundred and fifty years of history looking down upon us. Fort Qu'Appelle we would see if we had to reach there on our hands and knees, frostbitten in the middle of winter.

After Maclean, the flowers distracted our minds. You have to have quite an eye to appreciate Saskatchewan flowers in midsummer. My pal had that eye. When his car boiled so badly we had visions of an explosion, he quietly pulled up at the side of the road, and without speaking we went to look at the pretty flowers, just like Ferdinand. I should have said "looking for." First we had to select a dust pile slightly larger than the accompanying dust piles. These we would kick, and if there was a trace of colour, we proceeded. Thrusting hands into the dirt, we would hope that the thorns were not too long, and then we pulled. After that we had only to dust off our trophies and identify them. By the time we reached Qu'Appelle—there is a Qu'Appelle and a Fort Qu'Appelle, two different places—my friend was speculating on the possibilities of contracting silicosis on account of the dust from the flowers.

When the man at the Qu'Appelle garage had picked thirteen 'hoppers from the radiator and burned all his fingers, he was inclined to the theory that the timing was wrong. He muttered something about the car emptying his barrel of water, dragged from goodness knows where, and even when we left him desolately gazing at the empty container, the radiator did not appear full.

A long dip down to Fort Qu'Appelle helped us considerably, and our head of steam when we entered the town would not have carried a locomotive more than a few miles.

At the first service station, we snapped into position with the accuracy of well-timed guardsmen. Both of us looked as puzzled as possible while the garageman approached.

"Why, my car is boiling," said my friend. "It must be the timing—I've had everything else fixed."

"It wouldn't be the grasshoppers?" sniffed the garageman.

This was my cue. "Surely the grasshoppers wouldn't be that bad," said I deprecatingly.

"Yes," said the garageman, "they can be terribly bad. See—." He plucked one from the radiator, while we assumed a fresh air of surprise.

"Now, if you'll spend a while picking them out of the radiator, it will make quite a difference," added the garageman, absently plucking out three or four more.

"Well, well," said we in duet. "It's certainly tough on car drivers in this country nowadays. We've come a long way to see the old Fort and it's getting dark. . . . . But if we have to keep on picking grasshoppers out of the radiator, I guess we'll have to pass up the Fort."

The garageman took the bait.

"Now you fellows just walk over and have a look at the old place and I'll see what I can do about the radiator. People around here have been trying to fix up the Fort. We don't want cars running through Fort Qu'Appelle without having them see what is left from the old fur trading days."

Don't imagine there is much to be seen at Fort Qu'Appelle. The miracle is that there is anything. A little old building is all that remains of the fort of seventy-five years ago. Ninety per cent of the strangers arriving will mistake it for a garage for it stands in the yard of an impressive residence which was partly built from timbers taken from the old fort. But the chief factor who built his fine home on the site of the ancient establishment could not bring himself to destroy the schoolhouse which had been constructed for the children whose laughter and play brightened the business of the post.

Lord Tweedsmuir at Fort Qu'Appelle.

Yet, in its time the little building has spanned history. Fifty-three years ago its walls echoed to the sound of spurred boots as General Middleton and his staff established in it their headquarters when they were planning their campaign against Louis Riel in the Northwest Rebellion. Later it sank to the ignominy of a cookhouse. Now it has risen to modest glory as a miniature museum, where interested visitors may see relics of an age left far behind. His Excellency Lord Tweedsmuir called there last year.

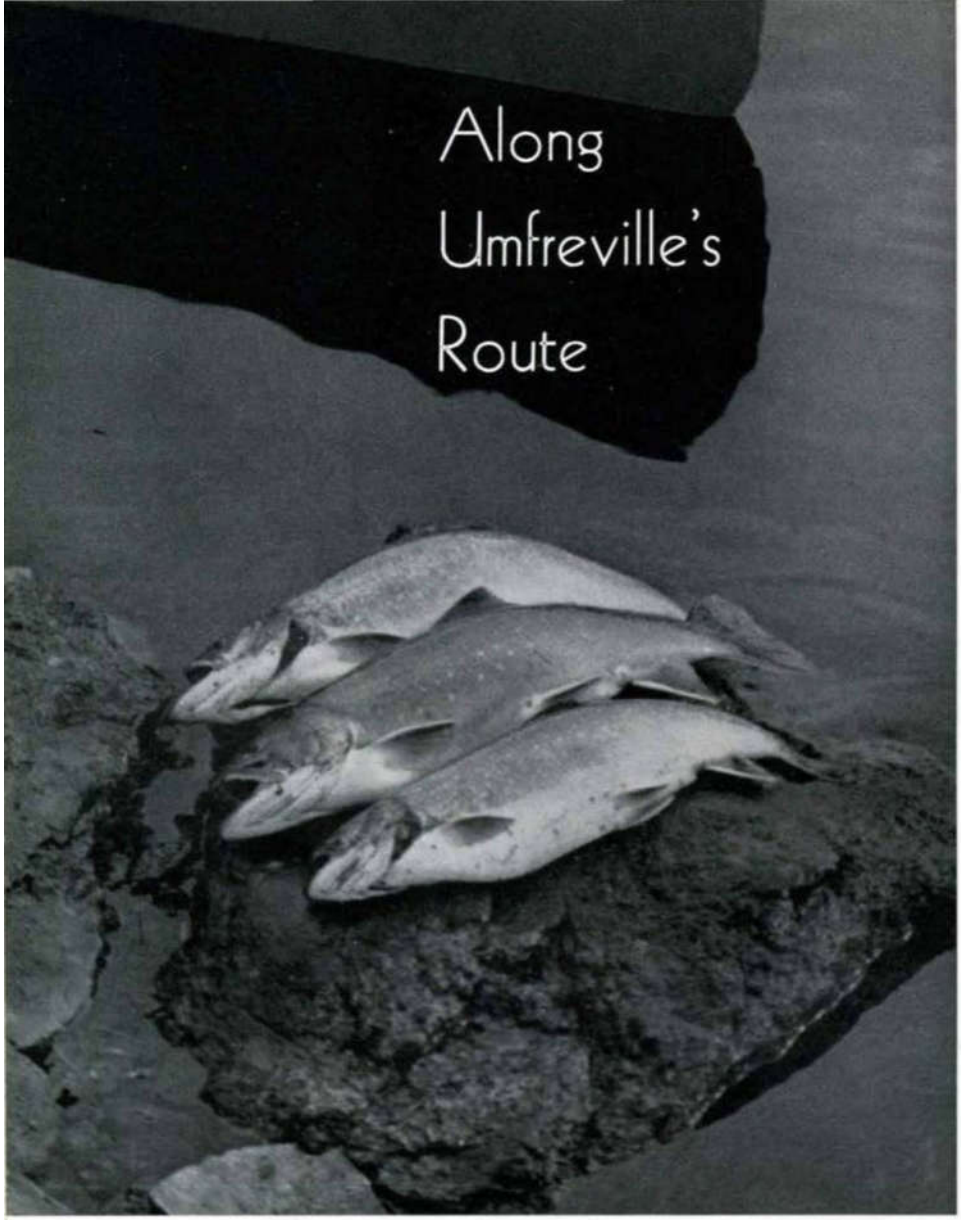
My friend who had seen Fort Prince of Wales was well content. His grimy face creased with a smile in the dusk as we peered through the windows of this remnant of glamorous days. Then the dark came swiftly and Fort Qu'Appelle was as silent as when it was a lonely outpost half way between the blustering north and the silvery lakes which were the domain of the fur trader. It seemed like a half-way house, without the glory of the spearpoint of man's progress, but made rich in history by the men who had rested within its gates.

We returned complacently to the car to find that the garageman had applied a hose to the radiator. He was right glad when we ordered netting to frustrate future grasshoppers. We scampered home through the night, past radio towers, railways and fleeting automobiles. only pausing when the air mail 'plane boomed across the sky, its coloured navigation lights glowing against the stars.

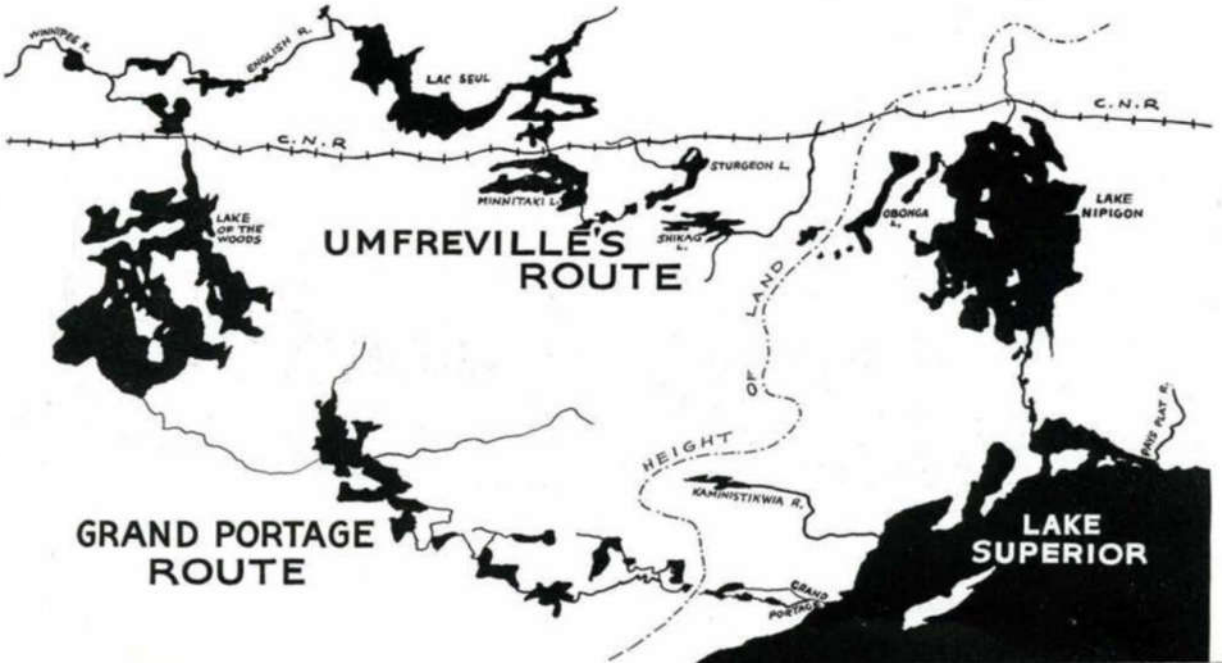
Yes, we agreed, the modern car had nearly brought frustration. But Fort Qu'Appelle had not failed us. We had expected nothing, for long experience in disappointed searches for western forts had prepared us for the worst. Here, at least, something remained, and—more important than the little building—age had been respected and history given its due.

Along Umfreville's Route

By Edwin W. Mills
pictures by author



Fontinalis from the Nipigon country



After Great Britain and the United States signed a treaty of peace in 1783, Grand Portage on the northwest shore of Lake Superior, "the Great Carrying Place" for canoes of the fur trade route from Montreal to the Rockies, was placed in United States territory. It therefore devolved upon the Montreal merchants to seek new headquarters on Lake Superior, since they feared that the United States would avail themselves of every opportunity to dispossess them of their trade in the west by demanding exclusive rights over Grand Portage and the water route to Lake of the Woods.

Accordingly, a year later Benjamin and Joseph Frobisher authorized Edward Umfreville to make a journey by canoe through western Ontario, from Pays Plat River at the east end of Nipigon Bay on Lake Superior to Portage de L'Ile, Winnipeg River. The voyage was not a trading venture, but an exploratory one, made by direction of the North West Company. Umfreville completed his task in about five weeks, travelling through perhaps the most densely overgrown and difficult part of the province where there were no posts in occupation at any of the lakes on his route. He was wind and storm bound and had much trouble with his Indian guides; yet it is doubtful if a modern canoe traveller aided by the best of present day maps could have brought the journey to a more speedy conclusion.

The St. Lawrence fur traders continued to use Grand Portage for seventeen years after Umfreville's voyage. Then the United States Government announced its intention to tax their merchandise, and reluctantly a move was made from both Grand Portage and the Grand Portage route. They did not turn, however, to Nipigon and Umfreville's route, but to Fort William and the old Kaministikwia river route, strangely forgotten, but rediscovered in 1798.

The writer, who for a number of years has vacationed and travelled along Umfreville's old route, has found this an interesting country with unparalleled fishing and hunting and is filled with admiration for this fine traveller whose trail is here in part set forth.

IT was on the final day of June, 1932, that we first heard the story of Edward Umfreville's trip from Superior to Lake Winnipeg. That morning several of us were sitting in the parlor of Joe Kenneally's boarding house in the little town of Hudson near the Ontario-Manitoba border. We were fishermen who had come from all over Canada and the United States (in my own case over 1000 miles) to be on hand for the opening day of the muskellunge season in this last stronghold of one of our greatest but fast disappearing game fish. We were wind and storm bound and could not get out to our camps.

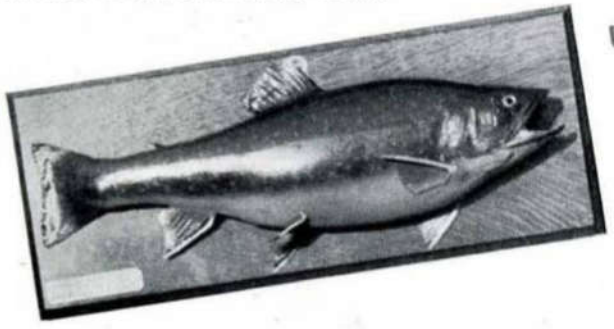
Outside at the edge of the lake across the Canadian National Railways tracks were moored some half dozen planes destined for Red, Woman, and Pickle Lakes, grounded like ourselves by the storm. From the window we could see the weekly meat train just arrived from Winnipeg, where the heavy carcasses for the far away mining camps were being transferred to a tow of barges which would shortly start down across Lost Lake and so on through Lac Seul and to their various destinations.

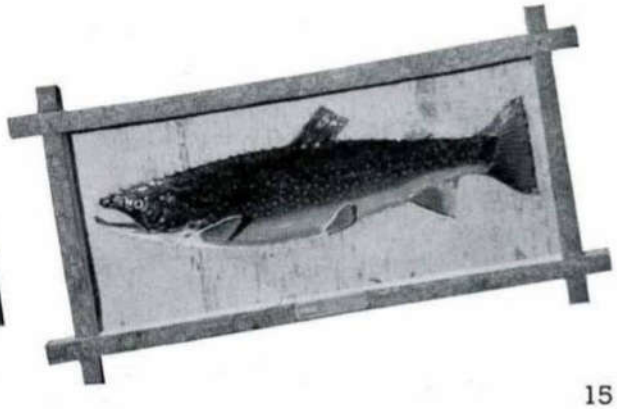
A gentleman beside me said to the group, "Those barges will be going along the trail Umfreville blazed through these waterways over one hundred and fifty years ago." We pressed him for the story and lighted our pipes.

Edward Umfreville, we were told, had lived in this country during the period of intense rivalry between the North West Company and the Hudson's Bay Company. Of the hardy and venturesome men who crossed and re-crossed the province, opening new routes and shortening time between the east and far west, many were outstanding in the vigor of their thoughts and actions. Conspicuous among them was Umfreville who served in both companies, sought out new trails, established a farthest west post for the Northwesters on the North Saskatchewan, and one of the earliest to cleverly play one company against the other.

Umfreville first entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company in the capacity of writer at a salary of fifteen pounds a year, remaining at that work for eleven years. He was stationed at York Factory on the Bay most of this time, spending a year or so at Moose Factory. He probably visited Churchill as there is mention of his acquaintance with Samuel Hearne, Governor there at Fort Prince of Wales. He was at York in 1782 when it was captured by La Pérouse and the garrison taken prisoners to France. By the middle of the following year they had been ransomed and returned to their posts in the Bay. But the restless Umfreville was not among them. On his arrival at Montreal he had chosen to join the Frobishers, who immediately commissioned him to enter an unknown bit of western Ontario and seek another passage into the interior country independent of the old one known by the name of the Great Carrying Place. (The Great Carrying Place received its name from the fifteen-mile portage over the height of land to where the watershed of the Rainy River begins. At present the site of Grand Portage on Lake Superior is an Indian Reservation.)

Prizes preserved by Indian taxidermy done by the riverside. The fish is skinned and rolled in damp moss together with certain roots. The skin is mounted on birch bark, and must be cured for several weeks.





Pine rapids, a carrying place of three miles and a paradise for fly fishing.

And so early in June, 1784, Umfreville and his small band in a single canoe entered the mouth of the Nipigon, passing without mention the French post at that point. He ascended the river which was the beginning of a known way down to the Albany and its tributaries to Hudson Bay. This route for many years had been a main highway of the Hudson's Bay Company and recent discoveries seem to indicate that white men may have frequented the Bay long before the French came to the St. Lawrence. If the Norsemen came to Ontario by James Bay around 1100 A.D. they may have travelled by the Albany and Kenogami rivers and thence south by the age-old trail to Lake Nipigon. Further evidence of this is given by the recent finds at the Blackwater River, near Beardmore of ancient armour, now believed to be authentic Viking weapons. But Edward Umfreville turned west off the main line of transportation at Lake Hannah and by way of Big Flat Rock Portage entered South Bay, following the west shore of Lake Nipigon to the mouth of the Wabinosh River. Umfreville speaks of passing two uninhabited French posts between South Bay and the Wabinosh but opinions differ concerning these. The French undoubtedly controlled the lake at that time and there was at least one occupied post, viz. Latourettes, but its probable location was near Ombabika Bay on the route to the Albany and therefore north of this track. West of Lake Nipigon he noticed sites of former trading houses on Shikag Lake, Sturgeon and Lac Seul. Before his time Angus Shaw had wintered on Minnitaki and Tide Lakes and John Long at Tide Lake. After the coalition the Hudson's Bay Company occupied posts on most of these lakes.

Cameron falls power development at the upper end of Umfreville's first "Grand Portage" on the Nipigon river.

Vast changes have occurred along this lower part of the route since Umfreville's time, yet the camper today in the Nipigon country cannot but feel that he is in the path of ceaseless movement in days gone by. It is true that marks of advancing civilization are to be found in many spots, cut timber along the shores, great rafts of spruce on the lake expanses of the rivers, logging camps and even rangers' cabins, but here and there and not infrequently one stumbles upon relics of the past, sometimes nothing more than a rotting timber with a hand-wrought iron spike in it, remnant perhaps of some old log house. The old records of early exploration often become more intelligible by actual covering of the areas described, and this is most pronounced in viewing the well-trodden portages and stopping places, and the sense of being on historical ground comes very strongly around the evening fire.

Near the discharge of the great river into Superior the Canadian Pacific Railway now crosses, and the thriving village of Nipigon has grown up. Here the Hudson's Bay Company maintains a modern store and at Umfreville's first Grand Portage up river (Long Portage, four miles) stand the great hydro developments at Alexander and Cameron Falls.

The old voyageurs often spoke of the wonderful fishing in this waterway and they would find no great change in this even today, except below Cameron. Thirty miles of the most magnificent trout water in the world lie between the great falls and Lake Nipigon and still harbour many fish, but alas they have grown wise to the ways of the fishermen. The grassy bays are full of pike and walleyes, but the glorious fontinalis is a true gentleman in his habits and loves the sparkling, ice cold, oxygen-filled waters of the falls and rapids. He is still there, but he takes catching.

Along the old route from the mouth of the Wabinosh to the Canadian National crossing at Sioux Lookout there are fewer changes. The country is rugged in parts and densely wooded, and the underbrush is much heavier than on the northern watershed. There are no mountains and few hills, but a great number of small lakes and ponds, rivers and brooks, and it was at one time good beaver country where the natives hunted and trapped for many years. In this section Umfreville passed through Obonga Lake where prospecting has recently located chromium ore. Crossing the height of land, he proceeded to Sturgeon Lake and with many long and uncut portages reached Minnitaki Lake, where now are to be found active gold mining and timber camps. He continued northward by a branch of the English River. Near where the Canadian National line passes at the present town of Sioux Lookout he entered the Lac Seul waterways from which point today and at Hudson on adjoining Lost Lake, go hundreds of tons of freight to the mining enterprises at Red Lake, Pickle and Uchi Lakes.

This is a section of Ontario where the muskellunge is largely sought. It inhabits chiefly the Hudson Bay watershed and in these cold waters attains great size and vigor. Strange to say some of these lakes seem barren of this species, holding instead pike, doré, and grey lakers, while others with many bays full of brown weed and wild rice and harbouring plenty of smaller fish are also inhabited by 'lunge. The country is vast, but areas where muskellunge fishing may be regarded as good are rare.

The early voyageur, could he see Lac Seul today, would immediately notice the big change in water levels and its effect upon various natural features.

Several carrying places are no more; both Crooked Rapids and Manitou Falls disappeared because of the retention dam at Ear Falls, now the first portage north of the Canadian National line.

Today, on the old trail where he passed Ear Falls, Umfreville would hear the hum of a large power development supplying Red Lake and other centers, and at several of the "carrys" he would no doubt view with genuine approval the unique marine railways whereby tracks are run below the surface, the loaded scow being secured to a cradle which is drawn up and out and refloated at the other end of the portage.

Above all this he would gaze with profound amazement at the continuous flight of freight and passenger aeroplanes which ply their dawn-to-dusk schedules over this section of the country. So heavy has this aerial traffic grown that last year from Hudson alone 2500 tons of freight were moved and 7,800 passengers were carried. A twin-engined, ten-passenger plane was in daily operation, and the station is the home of the largest single-engined plane in the world, the "flying box car," which handles steel girders and heavy mine machinery up to three tons, a history-making machine of the north.

Below this point Umfreville left the present freighting line, and, passing west through a series of lakes and rivers, entered the Winnipeg River country via Portage de L'Ile. It is in this vicinity that the name Umfreville Lake commemorates the explorer. At Jarvis Lake, twenty-five miles south of Sioux Lookout on Superior Junction-Port Arthur cut-off, a station also bears the name of Umfreville.

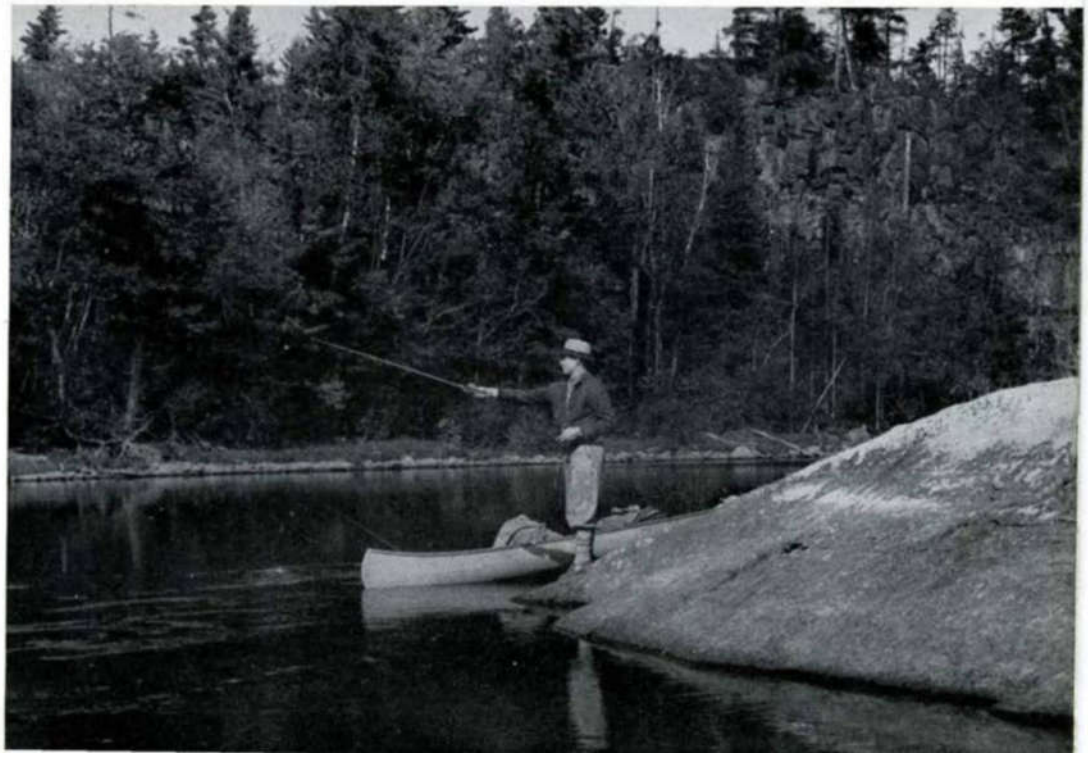
The Winnipeg River was his destination and Umfreville considered his route a favourable one. But apart from usefulness, the voyage was a splendid bit of travelling for a newcomer in an unmapped country. Umfreville trusted to chance for guides through the maze of waterways; he was harassed by areas of bad water and moving in the height of fly season, yet he completed his journey of approximately seven hundred miles in little over one month's time. No present day traveller could have performed more creditably.

The success of this trip resulted in this vigorous man being commissioned to continue westward, and by the end of September in the same year he was far up the north branch of the Saskatchewan establishing Umfreville House some forty miles above the then existent Hudson's Bay Company's Manchester House. The former became his winter headquarters during the next four years and at this spot by his energetic measures on behalf of the Company he served, he was the cause of many complaints from servants of the Hudson's Bay Company. An instance of this occurred in 1786 when great consternation was caused by the fact that he was trading "blue corded cloth," the very article which the Indians admired so much in their trade with the Hudson's Bay Company. In the same year a rumour spread that York and Churchill Factories had again been evacuated as in 1782. It was attributed by Samuel Hearne to "Mr. Umfreville in the service of the Canadians."

Some years later Umfreville returned to Europe and did not again voyage to this country. He wrote his book "The Present State of Hudson Bay," containing a full description of the settlement and adjacent country, likewise the fur trade, and included a vocabulary of several Indian tribes. It is a work containing much information which is not obtainable elsewhere.

In the past two hundred years much of the fur trade of this country was carried on in the Province of Ontario, yet little has been written of it and the material at the disposal of the historian is scanty. There were many traders and trading posts both during the French regime and later under British rule, but there are noticeably few records of achievements and hardships endured. In this connection the expedition of Edward Umfreville, although not a matter of major consequence, nevertheless was typical of the times and stands out with exceptional vividness as a romance and adventure of those picturesque old days in Canadian history.

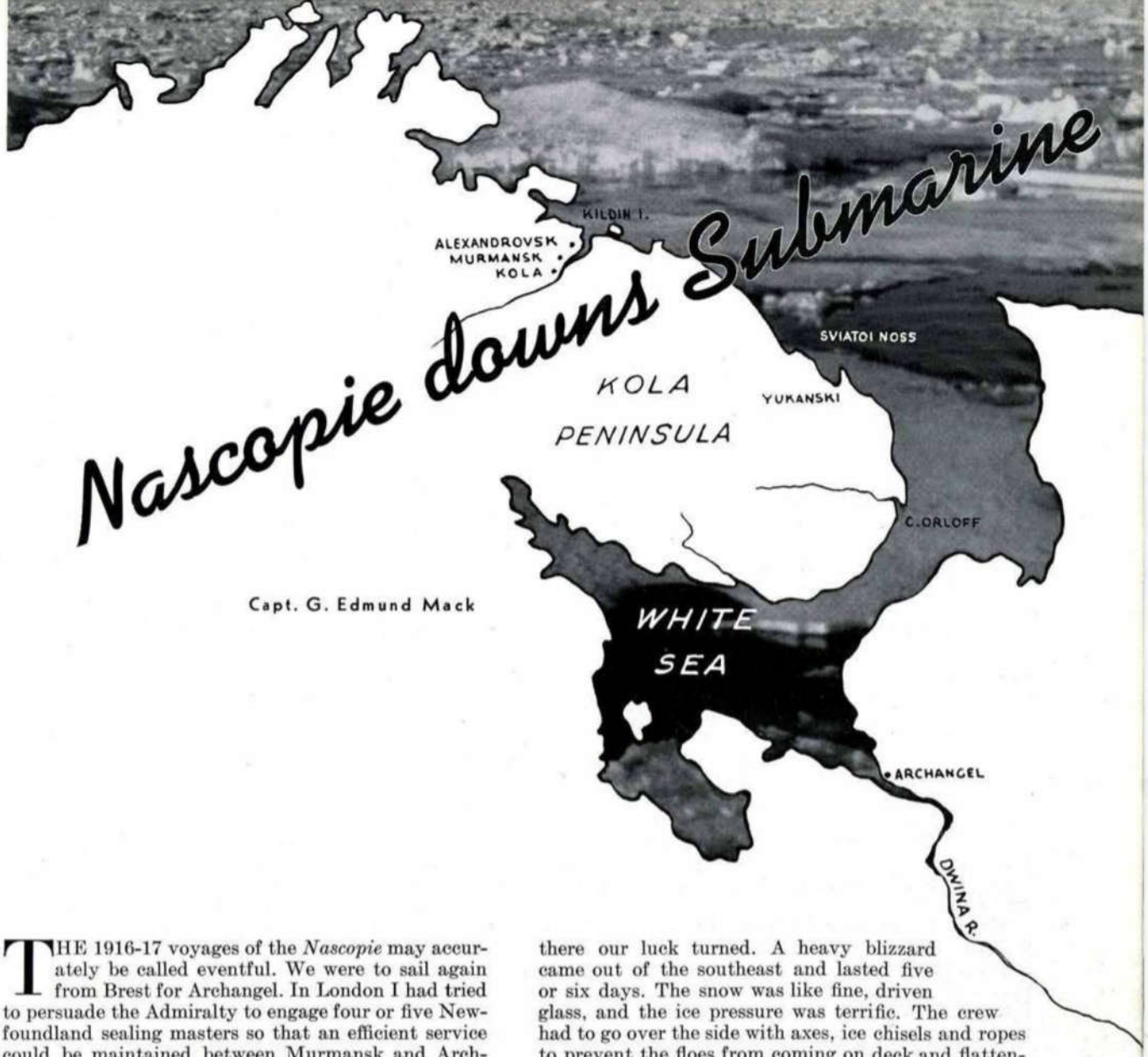
Western Ontario duplicates this setting countless times.



LORENE SQUIRE

The Nascopie in an ice field near Fort Ross and just off the tip of the North American continent.

Nascopie downs Submarine



Capt. G. Edmund Mack

THE 1916-17 voyages of the *Nascopie* may accurately be called eventful. We were to sail again from Brest for Archangel. In London I had tried to persuade the Admiralty to engage four or five Newfoundland sealing masters so that an efficient service could be maintained between Murmansk and Archangel with the icebreakers taken over from the Newfoundland sealing fleet. The Admiralty official blinked at the idea of paying sealing masters nearly as much as officers of flag-rank received, and was not impressed when I told him that one good Bonavista or Trinity Bay sealing master was worth ten admirals.

From Brest to Murmansk we had one or two heavy blows in the vicinity of Iceland, and we got fed up with the continual darkness and the snow storms, but one morning we anchored in the Kola Inlet. Things had changed quite a bit since our last visit. H.M.S. *Albemarle* and Captain Nugent had gone home, and the *Glory* had taken her place. I locked horns with the Principal Naval Transport Officer (a Commander R.N.R. in a brass hat) over a matter of coal. There were seven colliers there with the best Welsh coal aboard, but he ruled that the coal had to be kept for the *Glory*, and refused to fill up the *Nascopie*. We went into the White Sea in January with 250 tons less than I had asked for. The brass hat had the gall to tell me that since he had taken charge the ice question was being much better handled.

It took only eight or ten days for us to get within eighty miles of the mouth of the Archangel River, but there our luck turned. A heavy blizzard came out of the southeast and lasted five or six days. The snow was like fine, driven glass, and the ice pressure was terrific. The crew had to go over the side with axes, ice chisels and ropes to prevent the floes from coming on deck and flattening the rails. Another worry was that we drifted over the edges of the shoals in the Gourla and at times had only about three feet of water under the ship. It was not very cheerful to go down into Mr. Ledingham's shining engine room and hear the straining and the cracking of the floes outside. We speculated on our chances of reaching shore if the ship got crushed, but we were all used to the north and did not worry.

When the blizzard ended we were short of coal, and after a special hymn of hate to His Majesty's Principal Naval Transport Officer at Murmansk, I decided to try to make Yukanski harbour. The *Nascopie* worked through very heavy ice—and then I made a bad mistake. Ahead in the right direction was what appeared in the darkness to be a considerable patch of open water, and we worked towards it, the ice fairly loose so that the ship gathered quite a lot of way. We hit the supposed edge of the open water at a pretty good rate, and before I could get to the engine-room telegraph we were ashore on a large floe, many acres in extent. It had been swept clean by the wind and now looked as black as Satan's riding boots. The *Nascopie* came to a stop with a sort of helpless flop and settled down comfortably in the nest she had made for her-

self. There followed two days and two nights of hard labour with ice chisels, axes, blasting, and periodic frantic lashing astern with the engines. In the midst of it a telegram arrived from the officer at Murmansk who had refused us coal and was now enquiring when we should arrive in Archangel!

Eventually we got ourselves off the ice. Then came a nice gentle snow storm, and the chief engineer now doubted whether we had enough coal to reach Yukanski. However, we managed it, and found that the only rock and danger in Yukanski harbour was well marked because the *Canada* (formerly the *Earl Grey*, government icebreaker in the St. Lawrence River) had been draped gracefully across it by her Russian commander. We had scarcely a ton of coal left when we anchored alongside a Russian collier, the *Marie Rose*.

The *Nascopie* was bunkered up to the hilt, and then we were ordered to wait for the *Wrexham*, a strengthened British naval transport vessel which was to come up to Archangel with us. While waiting, there was not much to do except walk ashore over the harbour ice and try to shoot ptarmigan in the valleys. The Russian collier captain, Comrade Blumenfeld, and I sometimes got six or ten in a morning. Another attraction was the work on the *Canada*, whose bow was well up on Yukanski's only rock; her stern was under water. The captain invited Blumenfeld and me to come and see the *Canada* raised. It was quite a party. They pumped and they pumped, and they fitted another pump, and the water remained the same. Finally they stopped work and held an investigation. Eventually the captain appeared on deck wringing his hands. The divers had blocked up everything except two eighteen-inch ventilators which were under water aft! Still, we had had quite a pleasant time pumping Yukanski harbour through the *Canada* and back again into the harbour. The Russians were like that in many things that they did.

The *Wrexham* arrived and we left for Archangel with the big Russian icebreaker *Ilya Moremetz*. After a blizzard or two and plenty of hard butting, we got to the mouth of the Dwina and met the new Russian icebreaker *Kniaz Pjarsky*, not long out from England, where she had been built. Her captain was a Lett of about sixty years, and here was a man who knew how to handle an icebreaker—he also spoke good English. We worked up the river cutting, three abreast, the *Kniaz Pjarsky* in the centre. The middle ship would go ahead and when she came astern, the two side ships went ahead and cut, then coming astern while the middle ship went ahead again. Using this method we were not long in butting through the ice up to Econonie where we discharged cargo on to the ice, returning to Murmansk and loading again for Archangel.

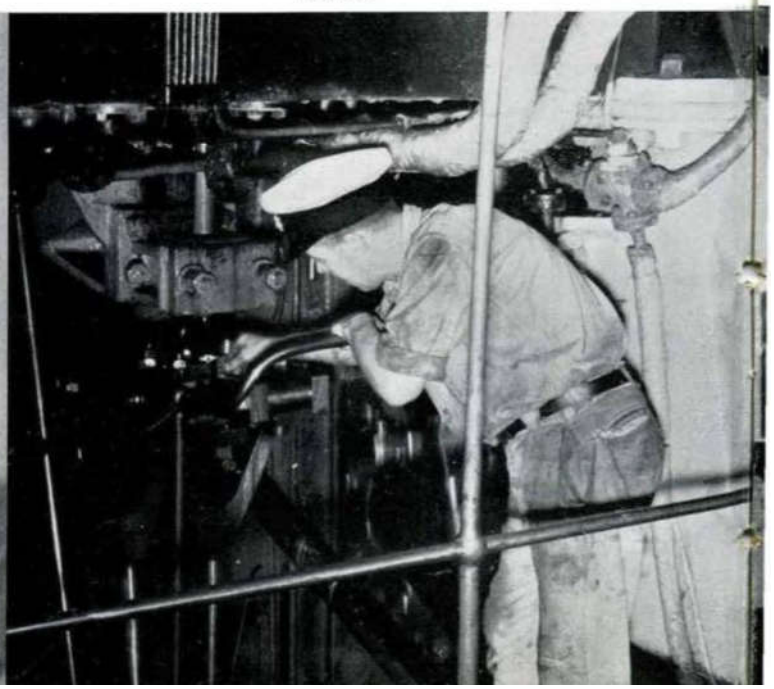
Off Cape Orloff the first week in March was the largest patch of harp seals I have ever seen. We steamed through them for twelve miles, and the ice was black with seals as far eastward as we would see from the upper crow's-nest. Dozens were crushed between the ship and the ice, and the Newfoundlanders were all for stopping and filling up the *Nascopie* with fat instead of the trimmings of life she had in her.

We arrived off the Archangel River and again the *Kniaz Pjarsky* worked up with us, butting through to Econonie. We got there a few days after the big explosion when the *Iceland* blew up alongside the station wharf and the *Bayropea* blew up as well, with considerable loss of life. Another Bay Steamship Company steamer, the *Baymano*, was also badly damaged, although it was quite a distance away. The deck on top of the *Baymano's* officers' quarters was burned out. Captain Dowling was trapped in his room for three days by a hatchbeam from the *Iceland* which came hurtling through the air, through the deck of his room, jamming the door. Until they could cut away the beam he was fed through the port. Hatchbeams and motor cars from the deck cargo of the *Bayropea* were found four and five miles from the scene of the explosion.

On our old friend the *Iceland* they had been discharging sulphuric acid when one of the slings carried away and a fire started. This was put out. The workmen had fled because they knew that 900 tons of dynamite were stowed under the sulphuric acid. The police drove the workmen back aboard, and work began again—until another sling went wrong and came tumbling down. The second fire got a good hold. The 900 tons of dynamite went off, and the *Iceland* vanished into space. The *Bayropea* then caught fire and

Captain Smellie, who succeeded Captain Mack, taking his bearings from the gyro repeater compass on the bridge.

The shining engine room—Second Engineer Adolph Pernak.



blew up. A French ship also had a blaze but got clear by the superhuman efforts of her captain and crew. She was badly damaged; small arm ammunition dumps caught fire and kept exploding, and there was general wreckage everywhere. Optimists had told me that dynamite is not affected by fire, but here was plenty of evidence on the other side.

Part of the *Nascopie* cargo was discharged on the ice to be carted in sleighs to the railway station. The foreman stevedore used to call on me about seven o'clock every morning, and one day when this Lett arrived he said: "Ha! Nicholas is finished." I thought he meant an old blacksmith who had been doing repair work on our deck, and said I was sorry. It turned out, however, to be not Nicholas Nicholaivitch, the blacksmith, but the Czar of all the Russias. The foreman said Russia was now free, just like England and America.

The chief engineer and I went ashore later to see what had happened. Russia had been changed over night. The bumptious gendarmes were gone. The crowd at Archangel had stormed and burned the police headquarters; the body of the chief of police lay in the street for days. The government stores were raided and found to contain a good deal more food than had been generally supposed. The aristocratic officer class seemed to have disappeared from the earth. In place of Admiral Palivanoff was a new, large, bearded person who had been voted to the position of "Commander-in-Chief of all Forces and Admiral of the Arctic." A democrat to the finger tips, he smoked and joked with everyone at first, but in time he wanted soldiers and sailors to salute him and so he lost his job, though I never discovered whether his end was as violent as the previous admiral's.

Terror reigned for a few days because the unruly element of Archangel discovered the grain alcohol stored for shipment to France for the manufacture of high explosives. However things settled down under the new regime, and until we left the White Sea we made regular trips to Alexandrovsk and Murmansk.

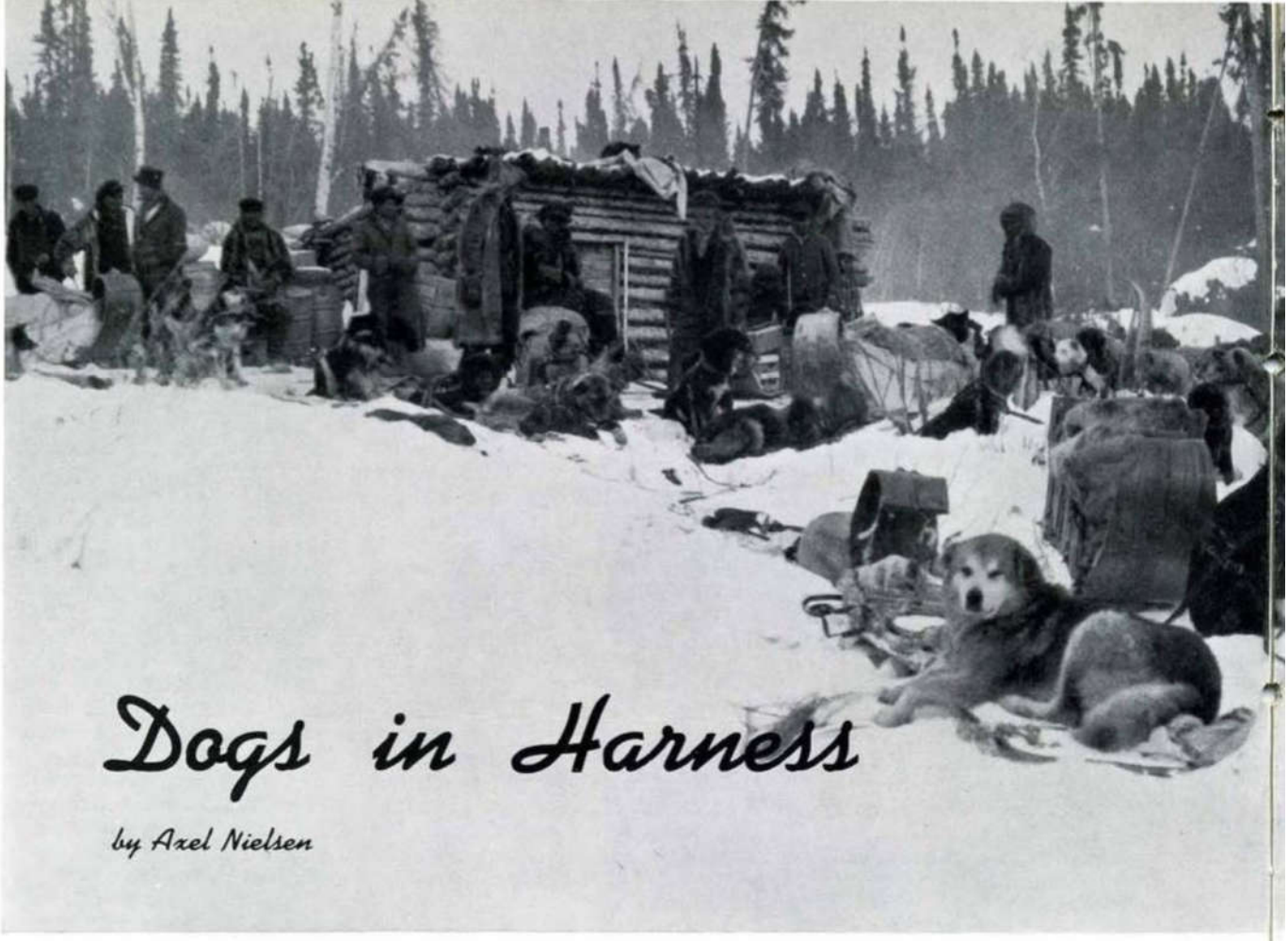
On June 14, 1917, the *Nascopie* left Archangel for St. John's, Newfoundland, and Montreal, by way of Lerwick, Shetland. On our first day out, a torpedo passed about fifty yards under our stern. We were near Kildin Island, and fled northward without seeing the submarine. The next afternoon when we were steaming among loose ice, the second officer came to my room to say he could see a submarine on the surface working among the ice. I arrived on the bridge about the same second a shot from the submarine hit the water about two hundred yards short of us. All hands were signalled to their stations, and the *Nascopie* was turned stern on to the submarine. Collins, senior gunner, went aloft for the approximate range. Our first shot was short, and its greatest effect was to thoroughly frighten my dog Spider who came along the deck, legs out straight and ears back. The submarine's second effort was closer, and the water shot up fifty yards off in the port quarter. There was a fairly solid strip of ice between us and the submarine, but around us was loose ice in which we could manoeuvre. We exchanged a few more shots. The German was working towards us, but when dodging a floe he exposed his broadside.

Collins took what seemed an agonizingly long time to fire, but when he did the Lord was with him. It was a shot in a million and landed fair and square on the submarine's gun mounting. The *Nascopie* stopped. Four more shots from Collins, and there was a big explosion. Black smoke and flame rose high in the air, and there was no more submarine. Collins deserves all the credit for it.

We got on our way and travelled as fast as possible . . . . . Next day while working through the ice we killed a polar bear. After calling at Lerwick, the *Nascopie* went out with a convoy through the Pentland Firth. We left the convoy at Cape Wrath and went straight to St. John's, and then to Montreal. Some small repairs were necessary because of ice damage, but we were able to load cargo and proceed from Montreal on the usual Bay voyage. The only variety was that we had to land the goods for York Factory at Port Nelson, which was then being constructed. The master of a government tug piloted us from the outer buoy, and it was a ticklish trip because of low water and a tide like a mill race. Back at Montreal, I was relieved by Captain Smellie, who took the ship home to England.

The chart room.

Second Officer Arthur Stanley adjusting the master compass.



Dogs in Harness

by Axel Nielsen

As the steam pressure is to the locomotive engineer, so is dog heart to the musher. An engine may be big and strong, but it isn't much use without steam pressure, any more than a big dog necessarily makes a strong, willing worker. Dog heart is what counts, and a lot of that depends not only on the dog, but on the musher as well.

Dogs are like people, willing or lazy, as the spirit moves them to be, according to character and treatment. My own dogs will illustrate, for each was an individual whom I had to study. First, there was Mutt, a beautiful sleek vivacious female. She relished a short trip, and was ever eager to be off on a journey to the fish nets, or into the woods for pine knots to start the logs in the fireplace. But when she saw me fixing for a long trip into the wind-blown Arctic, Mutt went into hiding. I learned to tie her up before starting to chore around with grub boxes, harness repairs, and snowshoe fittings.

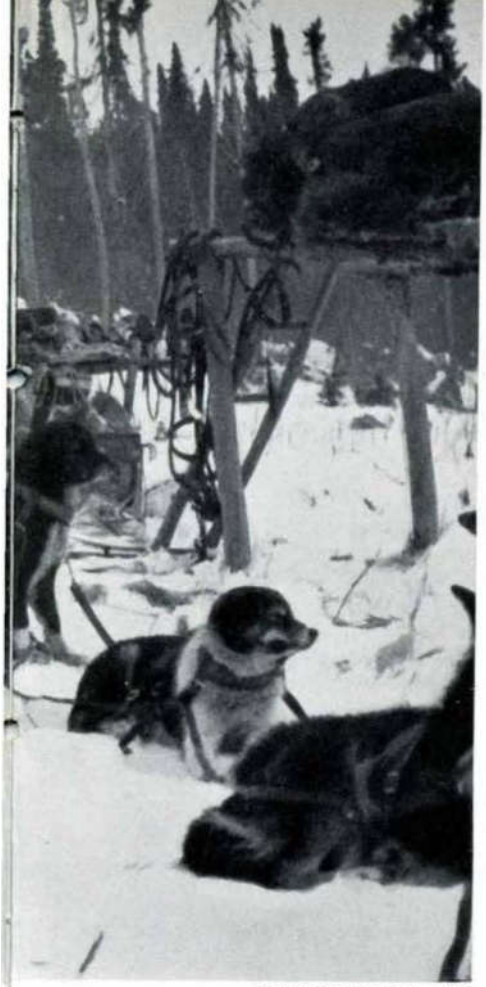
On the trail, she knew the tone of voice that threatened the whip in the next instant, and she caught the note of anxiety born of dangerous ice, bad weather, or short rations. She was too fast to be in the lead when the sleigh was loaded, but on the shorter trips it was different. How she would tease her mates as she cavorted along the trail, shying at her own shadow, luring the others into a terrific pace to the tune of a musical, whimsical, fluted whine. How the big fat wheel dog would grunt and flatten his ears as if it helped to keep the toboggan from running him down! As for me, I never quite knew when we might be climbing a tree as I struggled to keep legs and arms from breaking clean in two, so great was the strain of steering a flying course through the narrow, devious trails of the northland, when the Golden Mutt was in the lead.

Mutt was a general—forever making war, but never putting her own hide in jeopardy. Always out front when there was no immediate danger, she would retreat at the first show of enemy resistance, as defending canines (their courage momentarily sustained by the warmth of their own back yard) mobilized bristling manes and clattering fangs for the fray. Yet so beguiling and dignified was the manner of her retreat in the face of danger, that her dog-dupes never challenged her generalship.

Not that Mutt was blood-thirsty. Quite the contrary, for, as soon as the enemy turned tail between hind legs or bicycled all fours skyward in supplication, the Golden Mutt would call off her army and lead them in a grand, victorious rush.

Mutt was a priceless thief, and while I knew her exploits out of suspicions duly formed, I never knew the ardour of wanting to catch her at it, because Mutt confined her thieving strictly to the opposition traders, who were the enemy. She came home with a slug in her thigh one day, and there was bad blood among us traders for a spell. Mutt got over her hurts, whereupon she set about to improve her thieving technique. In fact, she got away with a whole case of eggs once, an egg at a time, which was a little rough on the man who had tried to finish her with the slug.

Coming back from Lac du Brochet when the ice was honey-combed and sharply pointed and riffled with the



ON REINDEER LAKE

wind, I was comforted by the thought that I had left Mutt behind, so tender were her feet compared to the other dogs. Six dogs in harness times four feet equalled twenty-four moccasins which had to be tied up and unloosened several times a day. Besides, Mutt was part gone in pup when I left for Brochet.

Nearing home, in sight of the house, I saw someone ahead of me quite some distance away. Getting a little closer, it was easy to see that he drove a one-dog sled, principally, it seemed, with the aid of a club which he used freely. I suddenly realized that the man was the chore boy whom I had left behind and that the dog was Mutt.

"Atikwa!" That cry for full speed ahead never failed to spur the dogs. But the one-dog sled had too great a start, and my dogs piled up on the shore. The chore man disappeared, and he did not show up for several days. Mutt just lay there, whimpering with the pain, for her feet were raw and bleeding. She wore no moccasins. I got out my emergency kit and dressed her feet, the while she bit me as hard as she could without drawing blood. Mutt continued to whimper a long story; we were all very sympathetic, the dogs and I. I promised to square matters for her, a promise which I never kept, for the chore man stayed away until I had had time to cool off.

The secret of the Golden Mutt's spirited character was that expansive, rapacious gut of hers. She was always building up reservoirs of strength via the dinner route; but as she grew old, she put on Dowager's fat, ending up one night with a big meal, a long, long snooze; and the Golden Mutt sleeps endlessly on.

Then there was Coffee, the only southerner who ever made good as a sleigh dog. What he lacked in brawn he more than made up in brains, for Coffee was a good leader, and the trail was his, once I put him onto it. All snowed over, the naked eye could not tell where it was; but Coffee knew. He was a mongrel, part collie, a swagger type, yet likeable. Coffee was the better half of an inseparable pair of friends. The other half was Carlo, a canine so completely mongrel that the animal was just dog, no more. When it came to eating, the second greatest joy in a dog's life, these two friends loved to reciprocate with choice bits. And when rations ran low they hardly ate at all because each spent so much time trying to induce the other to eat the whole thing. These two met the supreme test of friendship, day after day, year by year, without faltering once.

Carlo was first to tire when the going was tough, and Coffee would slow the pace to humor his pal. And if Carlo stopped often enough to earn the threat of a whip, Coffee would even take the blame away from Carlo, by stopping on his own hook. Come evening time, their coats crinkly with the frosted sweat of a long day's work, the two friends tongue-licked one another, turn about. They traded grunts, snuggled close, and no doubt dreamed about the same rabbit.

One spring night, back from a trip to Lac du Brochet, I suddenly realized by the village howls, that the first delight of a dog's life was running loose; so I got out of bed and chained Carlo twice, with a belly band to boot. Back in my eiderdown, tired from ploughing through the slush of a spring break-up, I paid no heed to the noises of barking dogs and moaning hounds, nor the cries of Indians as they separated fighting dogs. I was asleep, confident that Carlo was securely tied, unable to break loose, and thus get himself chewed to pieces. But the senior partner, unknown to me, got up and released Carlo, who was the noisiest of the lot. He hadn't mushed through the slush, and he couldn't sleep.

Later on, I was wakened by the swift patter of paws on the bridge nearby, and I heard a peculiar, long-drawn whine. Premonition took me out of doors in a twinkling and there was Carlo, streaking it for the kennels. A cold fear gripped me, for this was Carlo, the great lover, hated by all the dogs in town. What had they done to Carlo? He barely reached Coffee's kennel. Coffee licked the torn and battered form, even as Carlo grew rigid in death. Coffee, trembling, whining, looked up at me, as if to ask: Can't you do something? But Carlo was beyond recall.

All next day, Coffee barked and barked. I put him in harness, but he just sat there and howled. At feeding time, this day as on any other day I called each dog by name. Forgetting, I called Carlo as well, when Coffee leaped to attention. Nosing the air, boxing the compass feverishly as he turned round and round, Coffee waited for Carlo to come. But Carlo did not come, and Coffee would not touch food for a week.

Blackie was the wheel dog. He was a scrapper, and too much of that can be a nuisance among dogs and mushers alike. Blackie killed a team mate once, so I hitched up Blackie, single, and loaded the corpse on the toboggan. He wasn't pulling that day, except toward the kennels, in the vain hope of getting away from the smell of death. During the ensuing argument I had to use my whip, before Blackie streaked it down the Bay like one possessed, the toboggan behind him, and the smell of death in close pursuit. That fixed Blackie; he never tried to kill another dog.

Waiting for the sun to set, during a spring thaw one time, when travel was out of the question due to melting snows and running water, the dogs lay dozing under a tree. I scanned the sky for signs of frost, when a wee mouse scampered dizzily by, right over Blackie, who was fast asleep. Blackie woke up yipping the cry of a scared thing. Dusting his eyes, he looked again and growled the deep growl of a dangerous dog. Blackie couldn't take a joke, and went skulking into the woods when I laughed.

Fox, the outlaw, was not a pleasant character. His jaws seemed long enough to shake a medium man by the middle. He was afraid of me, and I was a bit uneasy about him, to say the least. Harnessing him was sure to dent my dignity, as I let my fingers feel their way, ready at all times for a double quick jab to his nose. We fought with our eyes, Fox and I, each watching the other intently, the victory going to him who feared the least. I kept on top, but Fox was no fun. Say what you like, hands all chewed up a hundred miles from nowhere, with plenty of trail work to be done, are no joke.

My favorite was Brownie. Sired by Coffee, dammed by the Golden Mutt, Brownie was a great-hearted dog, a champion who never knew his own strength. His nature was that of a kindly giant, yet with a streak of uncertainty that set him wayward at times. When he fought, Brownie flung himself bodily against the enemy, rolling the thing over and over, and using all fours like a lumberjack. Cowed and breathless, the other dog always sued for mercy, and Brownie asked no more.

In a playful mood one day, with the Golden Mutt to inspire him, Brownie came rushing back from the village. He dropped a dead, starved looking pup at my feet. The animal was better that way than alive, but I let Brownie know I was not pleased with his offering. He looked accusingly toward Mutt, who smirked in the background. I met her eye to eye; she tried to beg out of it, but I wasn't fooled. I took one step, and Mutt ran to the sanctity of her own litter of pups. Characteristically enough, the Indian who had lost the scrubby pup demanded one of Mutt's precious offspring in exchange. I gave him some flour and bacon, which was best for him and by far the best for the pup.

Inevitably Brownie had to learn the lead dog business. He was harness broken from the first, as to the manner born, but he found the lead position too lonesome, with a lot of responsibility besides. Having put him through his paces at home, I tried him out on a real trip. It was snowing hard, and he wasn't very sure of the trail, so I went on ahead sometimes. Finally, Brownie insisted that I stay in the lead, which caused an argument. The crack of a whip did not convince him, either, and although Brownie knew instinctively what was coming next, he did not flinch. Instead, he deliberately pulled off the trail and into the woods. I jack-knifed the toboggan, and tied up. Walking up front, I stood over Brownie. He eyed my whip stonily until I threw it away. But he didn't wag his tail, and he flattened his ears with renewed rebellion.

"Chah!" but Brownie did not heed the left turn. He just shook his shaggy head and growled at me, so I went for him, empty handed. He met me, on his hind legs like a bear. The other dogs were spoiling for fight. The harness hampered Brownie, and although he fought with all fours and his great body, too, I got hold of his jaws. Twisting his jaws open, sidewise and shut, I pained him, and cursed him and finally flung him down. He lay where he landed and looked away from me. I recalled that he had not once tried to bite me.

Back in the train again, Brownie strained in his collar, and away he streaked, growling continually, deep down there below dog heart. He kept up the pace for more than an hour. We boiled the kettle at noon, and Brownie didn't flinch when I laid a hand on his head, nor growl. Nor wag his tail, even. He just ignored me.

That night, chores done, and all ready to roll in for a long sleep, with stars in the roof, and spruce boughs underneath for a mattress, Brownie broke the rules. He came stealing into camp hesitatingly at first, until I grinned reassuringly, when he came on the jump. I scarcely knew what he meant to do as he came, head arched, eyes half closed, and moaning. But here he was, snuggling against my shoulder, his whole being trembling with the day's emotions.

"Good dog, Brownie. Best dog in the world!" I muttered. "But you better go to bed. Go to bed." He knew what that meant, but the big dog was satisfied now, and away he romped, diving into the snow and out again, rolling and snorting, knowing that all was well in our world.

Akaitcho, a Link with Franklin

told to Mary Weekes by W. Cornwallis King

IT was August, 1867, in the Barren Lands. The clear air already held the chill of winter which, falling upon the hunting lodges of the Dog-Ribs and the Yellowknives, recalled Akaitcho, chief of the tribes, from dreams of the past and reminded him that it was nearing the time for the great annual Caribou Hunt.

Let arrangements be made, he instructed, for the departure of the bands to That-Mar (crossing-place) on Great Slave Lake, where this year, as always, the young strong hunters would meet and intercept the great herds which were travelling to their wintering place in the Horn Mountains. Once again, if the Manitou was pleased, his people would have abundant food for the winter, fine skins of young caribou for inner clothes; coarse for outer, and robes and meat to sell at the Hudson's Bay Company posts.

Ah! A runner? By his clothes he was an able hunter of the Dog-Rib people attached to the Fort Rae post. Draw to the fire, traveller, and tell the news that lent such haste. But speak louder, age was creeping upon him and his ears were as the fading light. So Mr. King, the chief officer of the post, and his fort hunters were on their way to join the hunting party of Akaitcho? Good! The chief lifted his thin old hand. Let the fire be heaped high to throw back the breath of winter. Command his youngest wife to roast a beaver tongue and make a brewing of strong tea. Have one of the young women make up here, in the chief's own lodge, a bed of moss for the tired messenger and spread it with a well-dressed robe. And now the pipe of welcome must be lit! A servant from the post must be treated with respect, his comfort attended to, for in the morning before the Manitou sent fingers of fire to lighten the land, he must take the trail to escort Mr. King and his party to join the hunting band of Akaitcho.

The old chief, unable to drag his feeble legs from the fire, ordered his carriers to place him on a leather stretcher and carry him about the encampment. His nightly trip of inspection must be made. Let also, he commanded, his oldest wife who was past eighty summers be placed on her stretcher and carried behind him. This old wife had gone with him when he had guided the Franklin Expedition to the Polar sea and was better fitted than any of his thirty younger wives to advise about preparations for the reception of an officer of the Hudson's Bay Company. Chief Trader King must be received with dignity.

So Mr. King knew that he, Akaitcho, was called Chief Confidante? It was the name given him by Lieutenant Franklin, whom he had taken to the Arctic. The name of the brave explorer had been on every tongue in the Mackenzie River. He had fought with Nelson to put his country in command of the great seas beyond the Arctic. Of these things at their council fires did the headmen of the Copper Nation speak.

Mr. King must be lenient with his present feebleness. Alas! He could no longer walk. Yet once none had been fleeter of foot than he: none of readier aim or had greater knowledge of the lakes and rivers; none knew so well the deer-passes and the retreats of caribou or the time the wild geese flew; none were so skilled in the ways of preserving meat or in the tanning of skins; none knew so well where the finest fish were taken. It was for this skill and knowledge that he had been chosen by Mr. Wentzel, the North West Company officer, to take Franklin and his party to the Arctic

and to provide food for them. As Mr. King knew, the hunting grounds of Akaitcho, chief of the Copper Nation, reached to the country of the Eskimo. Even now he had bales of furs to trade at the Hudson's Bay post, for the Eskimo penetrated deep into his territory to barter their furs with him.

The long resonant moan of an Arctic wolf ripped the high wide silences of the Barren Lands. As the last note of the marauder died away, the chief drew his blanket a little closer to his old shrivelled body. He was ninety by the moon. In his youth the cry of Arctic wolves had only stirred in his blood a desire for the hunt. But now since the fleetness of his foot and the sureness of his aim had, like the yesterdays, vanished forever, that evil cry had power to chill him. Draw close the flap of the lodge, he commanded a servant, to shut out the foreboding wail which must be the unhappy voice of the Manitou calling him away from the wide territory over which he had so long and so happily ruled.

As an officer of the fur company, Mr. King would know that the past of Akaitcho had been warm and alive. His meeting with Franklin? The memory of that day was strong. By a great signal-fire set upon a hill had he, Akaitcho, and his counsellors, been summoned to Fort Providence by Mr. Wentzel to meet the British officers. Before the sun had come warm and red out of the eastern sky, they were answering the call, he, the chief, in his own canoe paddled by his personal servant, a Dog-Rib taken young from his family. Behind him in a regular line rode seventeen canoes of his people. They had drawn into the post gravely and with dignity. Here beneath a silken Union Jack that floated above his tent, Franklin and his officers, dressed in full naval uniform, had received him with the ceremony due a chief of the Copper Nation.

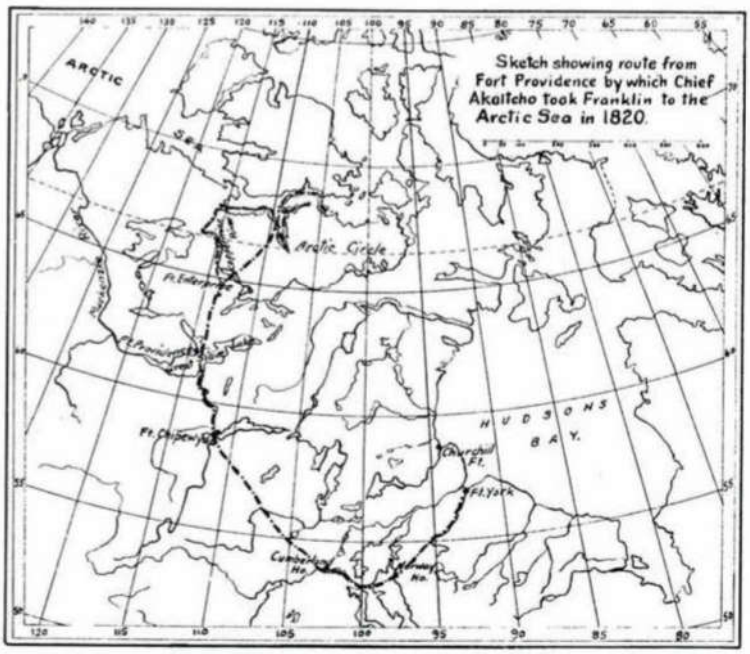
Often at Council meetings had he told his people about that meeting, and tonight his memory was young again. Franklin had that day shown him a plan of a round-about way to the north, which had been drawn for him by Beaulieu and a Chipewyan by the name of Black Meat, but he, to whom every river and lake and hunting region of his country was as plain as the paths of his own encampment, had snatched a piece of charcoal and drawn on the floor of the trading shop a direct route to the Arctic sea by way of the Coppermine River. This way, through a chain of twenty-five lakes which were almost all connected by a river, they would travel, he told Franklin; he would lead the expedition.

The old chief touched a medal that hung at his neck. It was the medal Lieutenant Franklin had given him at Fort Providence as a token of confidence in his ability. How well had his young braves done him honour at the celebration given at the trading post that night. Mr. Wentzel had supervised the dances. They had taken the floor, he, Akaitcho leading, and shown the naval officers the intricacies of the Dog-Rib dance. All in a circle with him had they moved, keeping their legs wide apart, jumping simultaneously sideways, bodies bent on hips, and at every jump hissing, "Tsa!" Tonight the young Dog-Ribs and the Yellowknives would put on a dance for Mr. King. Then with the rising sun, all must make haste to That-Mar! No one was more welcome to the hunting-camp of Akaitcho than Mr. King. The relations of Akaitcho with the North West Company had been long and honourable. His present trading relations with the Hudson's Bay Company were the relations of friends. Ah! It was now—now when they were off to the Caribou Hunt that he longed for the fire and agility of youth.

The old chief settled into his robe of velvet caribou. A servant stirred to replenish the fire, glancing at Akaitcho, who gave no word. Always it was the prerogative of a chief to open speech. Brave, did Mr. King call Franklin? None braver! By his bravery had he endeared himself to the Copper Indian people and they would go with him in search of the mysterious North West Passage. The young officer was a generous fellow, but little did he know the cruelty of the north. Though it was July only when Franklin was at Fort Providence and the leaves were already falling, the reindeer leaving the river and the geese turning south, he wanted to go forward immediately. There had been argument. Franklin wanted to advance even in rainy weather when the moss, the only available fuel on the Barren Lands, was too wet to burn and there was no wood within eleven days' travel; even though the Coppermine River, which would take forty days to descend, would be blocked with ice before another moon. It was only after he, Akaitcho, who would not be commanded, had refused to lead the party into certain

Akaitcho brought his men to Franklin at Fort Enterprise

death by saying, "If after all I have said, you are determined to go, some of my hunters shall accompany your party. It shall not be said that Akaitcho permitted you to die," that Franklin, who had a heart for his men, saw the danger attending such a rash movement and agreed to delay his advance until spring should have once more brought the deer from retreat and the wild fowl from the limpid south. Sleep came slowly to him of late. But how could the spirits give him sleep when over and around him flowed the past?


Sketch showing route from Fort Providence by which Chief Akaitcho took Franklin to the Arctic Sea in 1820.
ARCTIC
SEA
Arctic Circle
HUDSONS
BAY.

Age was saddening, but, though the mind drifted, it clung to the strong hard days. But Mr. King was not weary? He would hear the rest? Good! Franklin had taken his advice finally, and gone into winter quarters at Great Bear Lake near the reindeer passes, where the Yellowknives could secure and dry a supply of meat for a rapid summer march across the Barren Lands. At a place high above the water, amidst tall pines, he, Akaitcho, had chosen suitable ground to build a fort; a log-house fifty by twenty-four feet with three bedrooms and a kitchen for the officers; another thirty-four by eighteen feet for the men, and a storehouse. By the end of October, his hunters had provided a thousand pounds of meat and over a thousand pounds of whitefish. In November, when their ammunition was running low, the officers had let the hunters melt pewter cups into shots. Each hunter got five shots to pick off game that came near the fort.

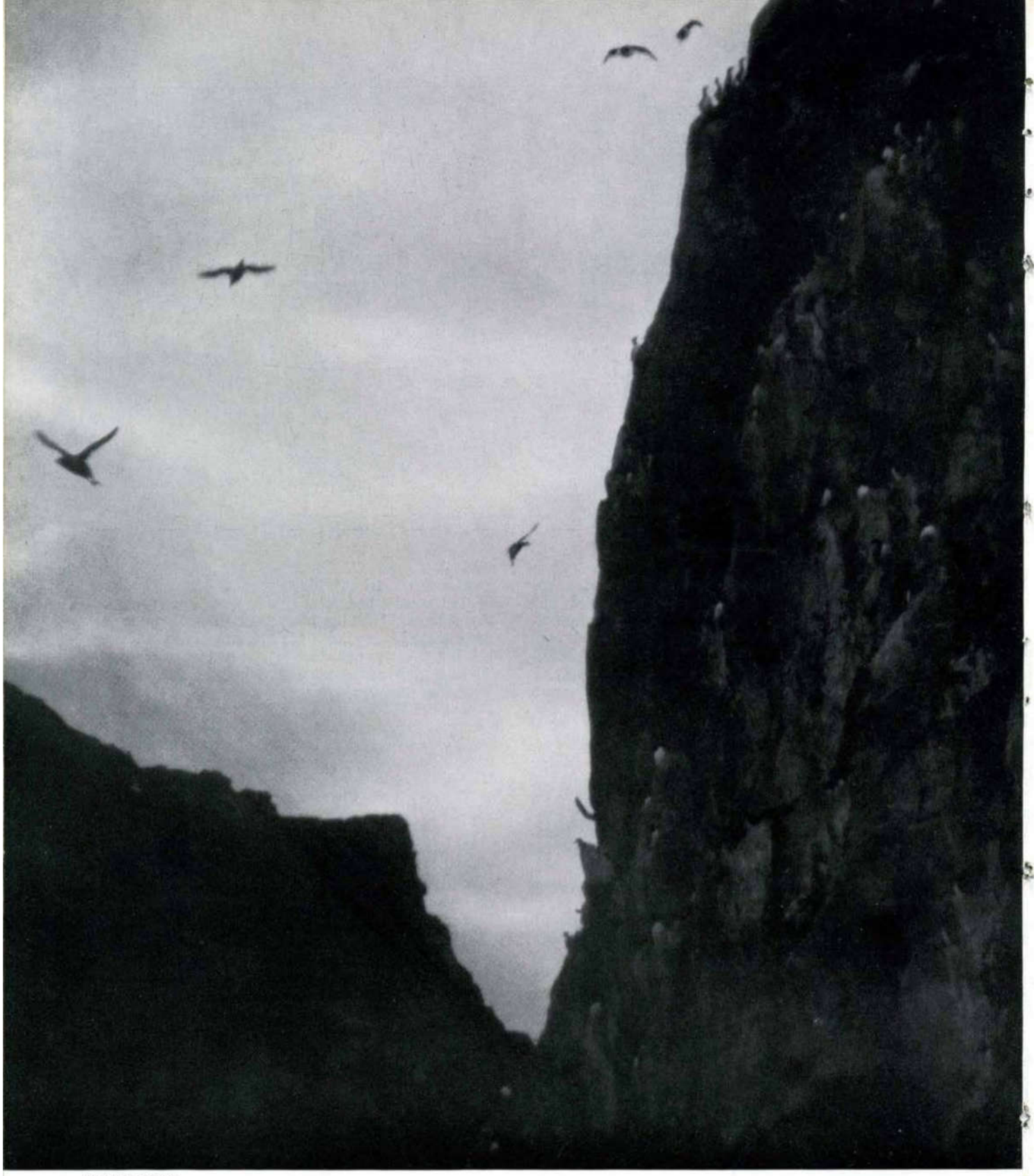
Fort Enterprise, Franklin had named this post. Mr. King must realize that he, Akaitcho, had found it hard to keep his restless hunters steady. It was only by exacting from the Franklin party the respect due his rank as a Chief that he had been able to hold their loyalty. All had been made clear on the day when, returning with his men after a long hunting absence, he had dispatched a runner to Franklin saying that he expected to be received on his arrival with the ceremony accorded him at the trading-posts. Franklin had returned his consent.

So had he led his party into Fort Enterprise to a gun salute. The Union Jack was flying. Always he ate at the officers' table. The talk that day had been filled with wisdom. Franklin was glad to hear that the Chipewyans were ready to put their hands in the hands of the White Chief. Faint was his memory growing, but warm across the years came, today, Franklin's words of praise. A leader and a man of wise and sober judgment he had called him. The wills of both men had been strong. They had met danger together, each taking the word and clasping the hand of the other.

A melancholy note fell upon the lodge and disturbed Akaitcho. It was, perhaps Mr. King knew, the cheepaipeethees, the deathbird of the Indian people? The old chief formed his wrinkled lips and made a long whistle, then strained to catch the night-owl's reply. "Hoothoot!" it came dully. The evil bird was not warning him of death yet. A watcher laid a branch on the dying fire. So it was willed that he, Akaitcho, should conduct another caribou hunt!

Slow ran the blood in his veins now. The past was good to remember. . . . The long marches on that great overland trip, the days when food had been hard to find and he had taken his hunters in advance of Franklin to kill and dry meat. And, when a supply had been packed, the setting of signal-fires on the hills to hearten the travellers far in the rear to hasten on. There had been bitter nights when he had stripped himself to the skin and crept naked into his deerskin robe to coil his body into a roll for warmth. Moons had come full and waned since he had taken Franklin to the Arctic as he had agreed, and left him to his wanderings. Now he wept because he had not insisted upon remaining with the party. Had he been there, they would not have been reduced to starvation. They would not have been forced to discontinue their exploration of the sea-coast.

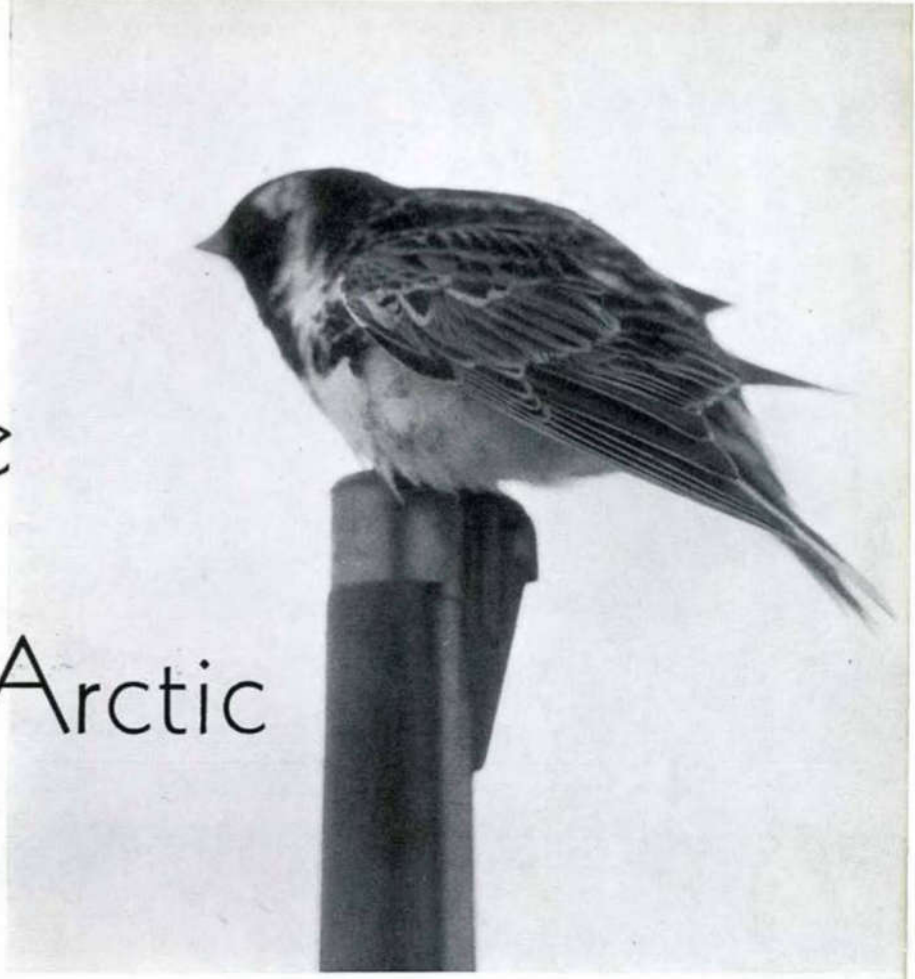
Frost-bound had the northland been when word had come to him in his winter quarters that the Franklin party had straggled back to Fort Enterprise and that all were starving. Fleet were the Dog-Rib runners that he had dispatched to the post with packets of meat. Starvation and hardships had these young hunters seen, but they had returned mourning the pitiful condition of Franklin and the survivors of his party; hideous skeletons unable to drag their legs. Back again had he sent his ablest runners with more food and instructions to bring the suffering men with all haste to his lodge. With the speed of deer they had taken the trail, and, after many days they had returned hauling them on dog-sleds. Franklin? This scarecrow? Sore was his heart for the young commander who had been reduced to pity! He himself would nurse his brother, Franklin, back to strength. Stir the coals to a glow, fetch the broth of venison to warm the fire of life in the once gallant officer. He, Akaitcho who never cooked for himself, would prepare the life-food for the man who was as dear to him as his closest kin. And now when his own fires were running low, he had to lament that Franklin, whom he had nursed so carefully back to health, had to go back to die at the Polar sea! The old chief turned in his warm furred robe and, suddenly, the fierce black night blotted out his memories.



LORENE SQUIRE

Sunrise at Wolstenholme Cliffs.

Along Hudson Strait westward for nearly a hundred miles from Cape Wolstenholme, these cliffs tower above the sea, a rampart from one to two thousand feet high. Here tens of thousands of Brunnich's Murres form a spectacular sea-bird colony. Natives call the cliffs "Agpa," their name for murres.



Lapland Longspur, the sweetest singer of the polar regions and a common summer resident of the grass tundras.

Bird Life in the Eastern Arctic

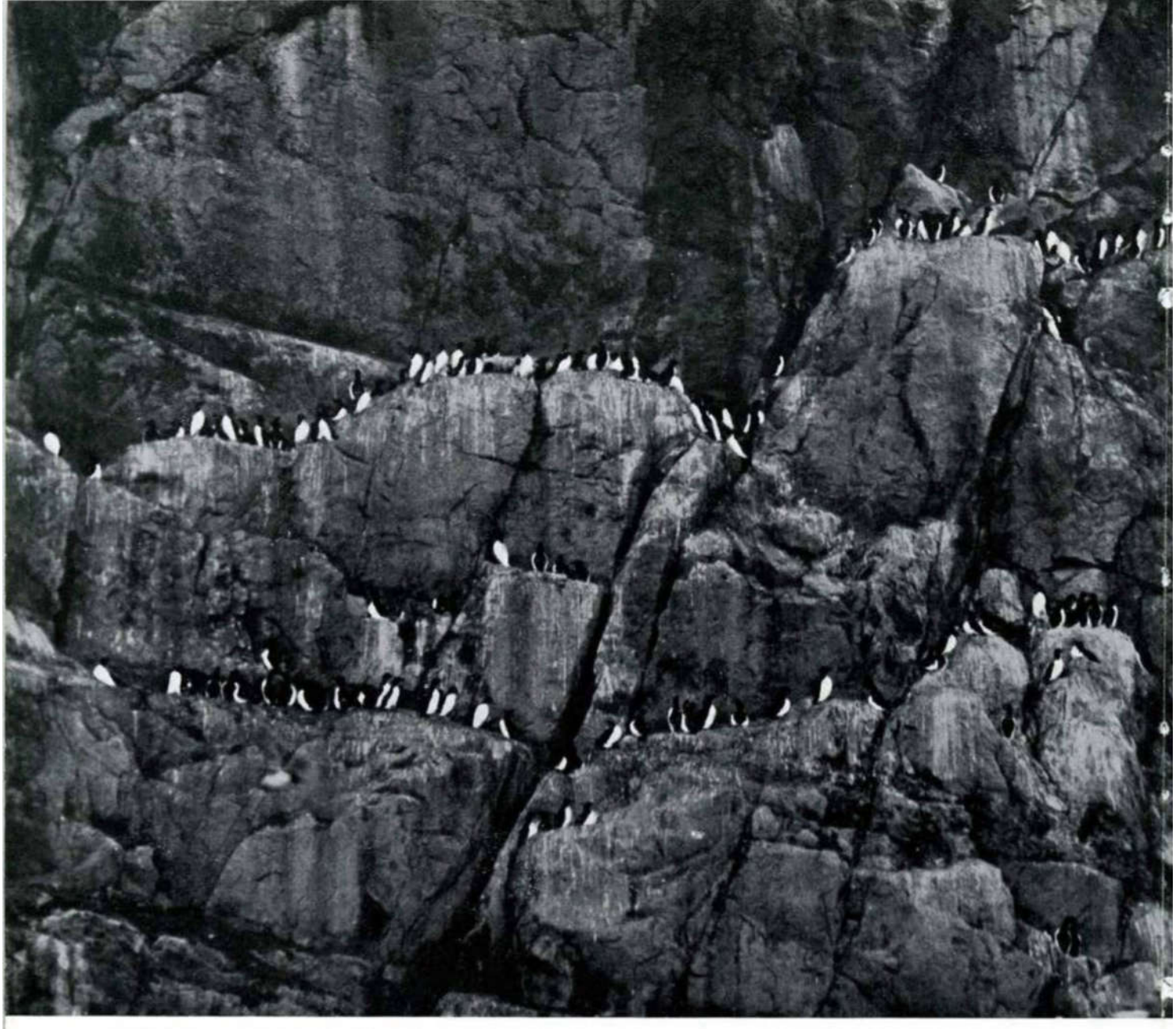
by J. Dewey Soper, chief federal migratory bird officer for the prairie provinces, and discoverer of the home of the Blue Goose.

ONE of the outstanding fascinations of the vast polar tracts is the presence of wild life, the unfamiliar forms which comprise it, and the astounding abundance of individuals representing some of the species. In the Arctic such abundance is normally expressed by birds. This richness is not a universal feature for, aside from local concentrations of unusual magnitude and confined to a limited number of species, very large areas may be practically devoid of bird life. This condition, by way of violent contrast, makes the highly populated centres the more attractive.

In southern Baffin Island ninety species of birds have been recorded although the territory lies four or five hundred miles north of the tree limit in northern Quebec. The farther north one goes, the fewer species are seen. Thus in northern Baffin Island (nearly a thousand miles from its south end and about 450 miles north of the Arctic Circle) the number of species drops to sixty. In southern Ellesmere Island, the northernmost member of the Canadian Arctic Archipelago, about forty-five species are known, while for the northern half the Greeley expedition listed forty. Even this relatively low number is remarkable when we remember that upper Ellesmere Island is nearly the farthest north land in the western hemisphere, with a northern extremity only 475 miles from the North Pole. There is reason to believe that did land exist at the North Pole, a few of the hardiest birds would be found there during the brief summer.

We may well ask how all this is possible. It is true that the Arctic is second only to the Antarctic in having the severest climate in the world and that winter occupies the greater part of the year. But there is a truly delightful summer, and, though short, it is blessed with long hours of intense sunlight. Indeed, in the higher Arctic the summer sun shines throughout the twenty-four hours, so that north of the Arctic

Pictures not otherwise credited are from the Department of Mines and Resources, Ottawa



On the ledges and in the crevices of gigantic, tapestried rock, the gregarious murres make their home. They do not build nests, and the eggs have flattened surfaces which prevent them from rolling off into the sea far below.

Circle is called "the land of the midnight sun." In these long hours of sunshine, spring and summer develop with magical rapidity. Snow quits the lowlands, flowers spring forth in myriads, and birds of many species eagerly wing their way to the seas and tundras in large numbers. We often hear the expression, "the barrenlands," or "the barrengrounds," but the greater part of the Arctic lowlands, as distinct from the higher ridges and the magnificent mountains, is far from barren; there is an abundance of lowly vegetation to meet the food and nesting requirements of the many birds which resort to the polar land masses to rear their young.

Sea-birds are equally well provided for in the rich abundance of marine invertebrates which swarm in the ice-infested waters of the far north. This lowly life is called plankton; it is universally seized upon by all kinds of sea-fowl, seals, porpoises and whales. Thus by peculiar adaptation to the available food supply, to cold seas little above the freezing point of fresh water even in mid-summer, and to a short season for reproduction, wildlife, nevertheless, can be as plentiful locally as anywhere on the surface of the earth.

This astounding abundance may be observed at many points. We may take for example the great colony of Brunnich's murres at Cape Wolstenholme near the western entrance to Hudson strait. Like many species of sea-fowl these birds are very gregarious. They feed in the sea and nest on the ledges of high cliffs that overlook the water. This promontory is one of the boldest along the entire coastline. It rises almost sheer for hundreds of feet above the sea and upon this gigantic rock face, with its narrow ledges, the murres congregate closely in tens of thousands to lay their

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eggs and rear their young. This is truly one of the most spectacular bird exhibitions to be seen in the Canadian Arctic.

Other Arctic sea-birds which nest in large colonies are species of gulls, terns, Mandt's guillemot and eider ducks. The latter are of particular interest and include two species in the eastern Arctic—the northern and king eiders. These are the birds that furnish eiderdown comforters, flying suits for northern air pilots, and sleeping bags for Arctic explorers.

Eider ducks usually prefer to nest on islands. This is doubtless an hereditary instinct to escape from the predacious activities of wolves and Arctic foxes. Several of the finest colonies of these birds which were visited during personal travels in the Arctic were located on some of the myriads of islands that lie along the south coast of Baffin island. The ducks arrive here in the early spring as soon as considerable tracts of open water appear off the coast. This occurs sometimes in early April. By May literally hundreds of thousands have arrived to feed in the sea and rest idly on the edge of land-floe and ice-pan. Breeding begins in the latter half of June, when nests are soon thickly distributed over the rough surface of the rocky islands.

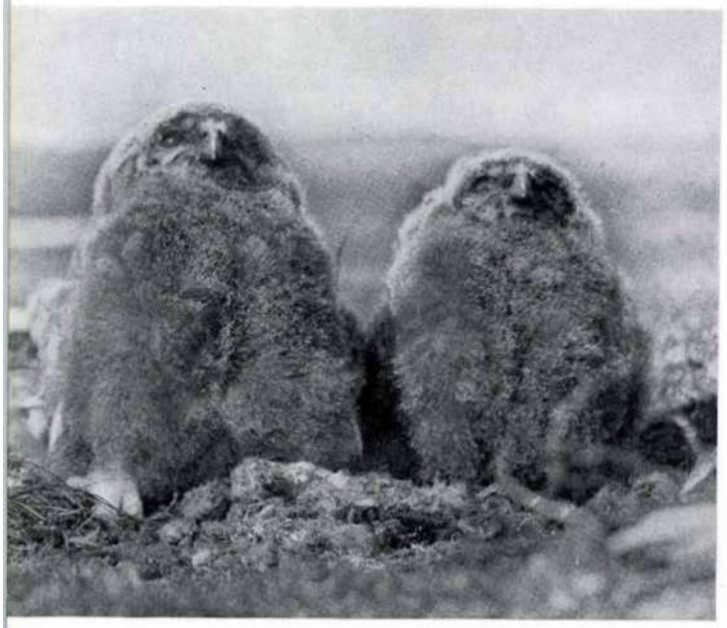
In speaking of large numbers of birds, a scene in August, 1923, returns with vivid clearness to my mind. We were steaming northward off the west coast of Greenland bound for Smith Sound and Cape Sabine. Cape York was off to the northeast, with the midnight sun hanging low above it, casting a dazzling lane of light over the peaceful sea. Ahead of the ship at intervals rose little bands of diminutive sea-birds to whir away on rapidly beating wings. In the vicinity of icebergs and pan-ice detached flocks often blackened the water.

A glance was enough to tell us that these were dovekies, distant relatives of the now extinct great auk. Dovekies are often mentioned in the writings of explorers who have sailed to Northwest Greenland and Ellesmere island, for here the birds provide an unusual attraction. Their general abundance where first encountered was impressive, but this was insignificant as compared with still higher latitudes. The farther north we went the more plentiful they became. Finally upon entering Foulke Fiord, at Etah, Greenland, their prolific abundance was astounding. Certain Arctic birds have previously been spoken of as in tens, or hundreds of thousands. But in that section of Smith sound from Cape Parry to Etah, alone, the little dovekie may be conservatively referred to in terms of millions.

In my notes of that time I find the following entry: "Before the day was out we saw literally tens of thousands of dovekies resting in close formation on the water or winging their way in every direction close above the glassy sea. In the early evening it was impossible to glance in any direction without observing dense, little flocks of these birds flying swiftly about. So compact are these that at a distance they suggest a single large bird. As they come nearer this apparent single object gradually dissolves to disclose a small flock of perhaps 50 or 60 individuals, all flying so close together that it is remarkable their wings do not constantly interfere. Such myriads of winged creatures so far north will always be a source of astonish-

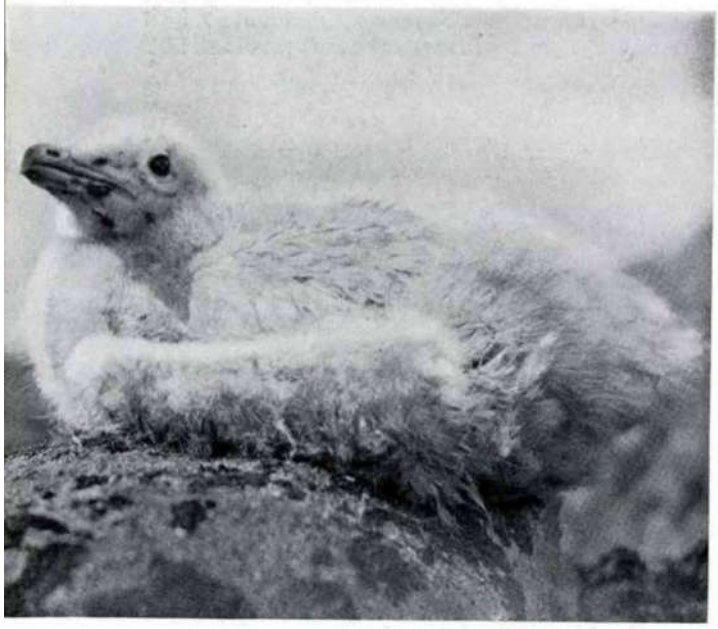
Female King Eider on her nest near the Bowman Bay coast, Foxe Basin, where there are colonies of eider ducks.

Eider eggs are swaddled in a thick layer of eider-down, the only true eider-down.



Young Snowy Owls in the downy stage, clinging to their nest on a rocky hilltop in southern Baffin Island.

Young Herring Gull, of Cumberland Sound, unable yet to fly and resting on a rocky ledge near the nest where it was born.



ment to Arctic travellers. The dovekies apparently reach their maximum abundance in the vicinity of Etah; here they fly about the fiord as thick as gnats at sundown. As I stood on the cliffs high above the sea, the rush of air through the wings of the passing throngs reminded me of the sullen roar of wind in a distant forest."

In looking back over various ornithological experiences, the one that gave me the deepest satisfaction happened on the vast, flat tundras of western Baffin island. What this disconsolate region lacked in acceptable scenery is made up for in a richness of semi-marsh breeding birdlife without a near parallel in my expeditionary work before or since.

In this instance geese were the main attraction. It was here in the summer of 1928, with two Eskimo assistants, that the breeding grounds of the blue goose were discovered after years of effort and thousands of miles of Arctic travel. Early in June blue and lesser snow geese, in company, began migrating up the coast of Foxe basin. In a few days they were pushing northward in thousands. By the middle of June their staggering abundance, and the wild beauty of their surging formations on the eager flight, is easier to recall than to fully describe. It is idle to attempt an appraisal of the magnitude of that fortnight's migration. Counting was out of the question; besides, the movement persisted more or less uniformly day and night. But I have always surmised that at least a million of these wonderful birds pressed northward past our camp at the Blue Goose River. Large numbers remained to nest in the vicinity where their wild voices were never still. Adding to the unforgettable wealth of this naturalist's paradise was a host of other nesting birds —among them, several species of sandpipers, the red phalarope, rock and willow ptarmigan, Sabine's gull, long-tailed and parasitic jaegers, king eiders, and numerous smaller species. Truly a remarkable territory, demonstrating the enormous possibilities of the Arctic lands under suitable conditions.

The great sea-fowl cliffs of the far north are particularly sensational objects. These great bird cities are so impressive that they would arrest the enthusiastic attention of anyone under any circumstances. It is here that the greatest concentrations of birds are to be found in a given area. Aside from the murres, already mentioned, these cliffs are inhabited by one or more species of gulls. Occasionally such highly populous bird rocks occur on islands where eider ducks also breed in large numbers on the lower ground. The greater cliffs, however, are located on the mainland and often at the end of prominent capes washed by the open sea.

These gigantic rock walls commonly rise sheerly from the water to heights of 1000 or 2000 feet or even more. When the ledges of these towering cliffs are everywhere crowded with birds they present a spectacle never to be forgotten. The white plumage of the feathered masses against the dark rocks is suggestive of snow, while the individuals in flight, high aloft with the grim palisades as a background, look like floating down or fluttering bits of paper.

Seen from a distance at sea such bird rocks are illusive to the eye, appearing much lower and nearer than is actually true, while at the same time the size of the birds is much diminished. Upon a loud noise, such as the firing of a gun, the white masses begin to move; the ledges and fissures come to life; in a few moments the outraged cliff dwellers launch out one by

one, and then in whole groups, until thousands of birds circle wildly overhead filling the air with their harsh cries of alarm and resentment. It is now that the observer first gains a true impression of the gigantic proportions of the cliffs which are occupied by the bird colonies. As Rink says: "Some of the bird cliffs, and especially those of the farthest north, contain different species of sea fowls ranged over one another, the auks occupying the lowest part, the kittiwakes being the chief inhabitants of the centre, and the gulls inhabiting the most inaccessible heights."

These comments on a few of the sea-fowl of the far north give some idea of their extravagant numbers; and this may occur even in districts within a few hundred miles of the North Pole. It is this class of birds, however, which for sheer abundance is most characteristic of the polar regions. Sea food is more plentiful than land food; for this reason waterfowl, under certain favourable conditions, continue to abound with increasing latitude, while ground birds become progressively scarcer. In short, the land is less hospitable than the sea. The farther north, the more restricted becomes the land surfaces that will support birdlife, for more and more of it is either naked rock or lies buried deeply under glacial ice.

Nevertheless, there are many birds of absorbing interest which inhabit the land. In fact, to most persons they would probably possess a stronger appeal than the sea-fowl; in southern latitudes they may be a familiar sight during inland migrations, yet are wrapped in mystery as to their Arctic destination and ways of life in the nesting season. Among these fascinating species are various plovers, sandpipers, phalaropes, geese and brant, together with the gyrfalcons, ptarmigan, and the snowy owl. The three latter birds are typically Arctic with white plumage and are seen within the agricultural belt only at comparatively rare intervals; at these times the Arctic winter is notably severe coincident with an extraordinary scarcity of terrestrial food. Otherwise, these birds which are highly adapted to a cold climate remain in at least the southern polar regions throughout the year.

By no means of least interest are the small, seed-eating birds that venture into the Arctic's short summer to nest. Among these are the familiar snow bunting, Lapland longspur, horned lark, redpoll, and American pipit. Especially charming are the snow bunting and longspur, for theirs are the sweetest songs that grace the polar lands. Though these birds in

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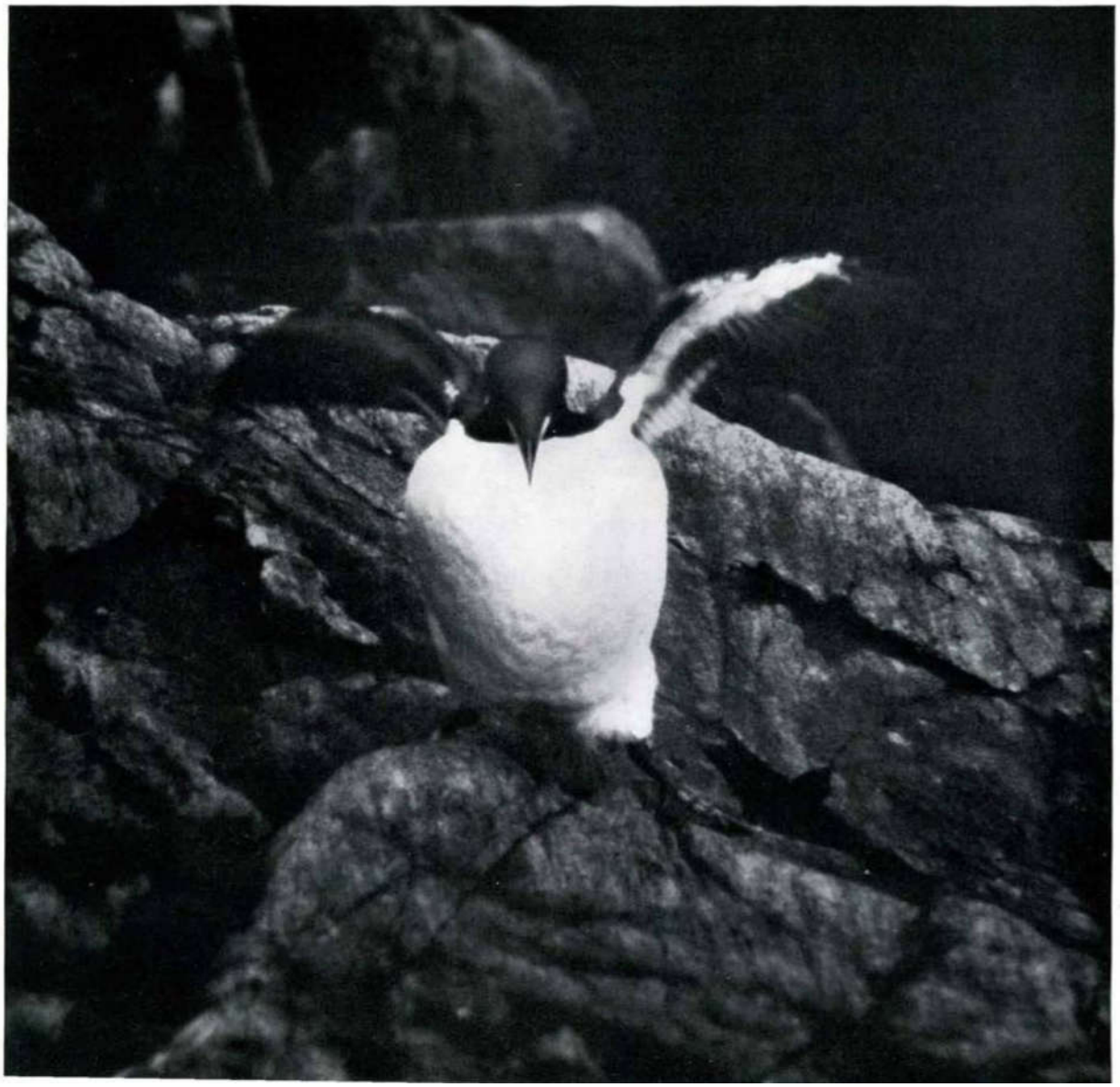
A Murre clings to his slippery perch with the help of his steadying wings.



Willow Ptarmigan on granite outcrop in Blue Goose Plains of southwestern Baffin Island. Although it is June, the birds are dressed for winter.

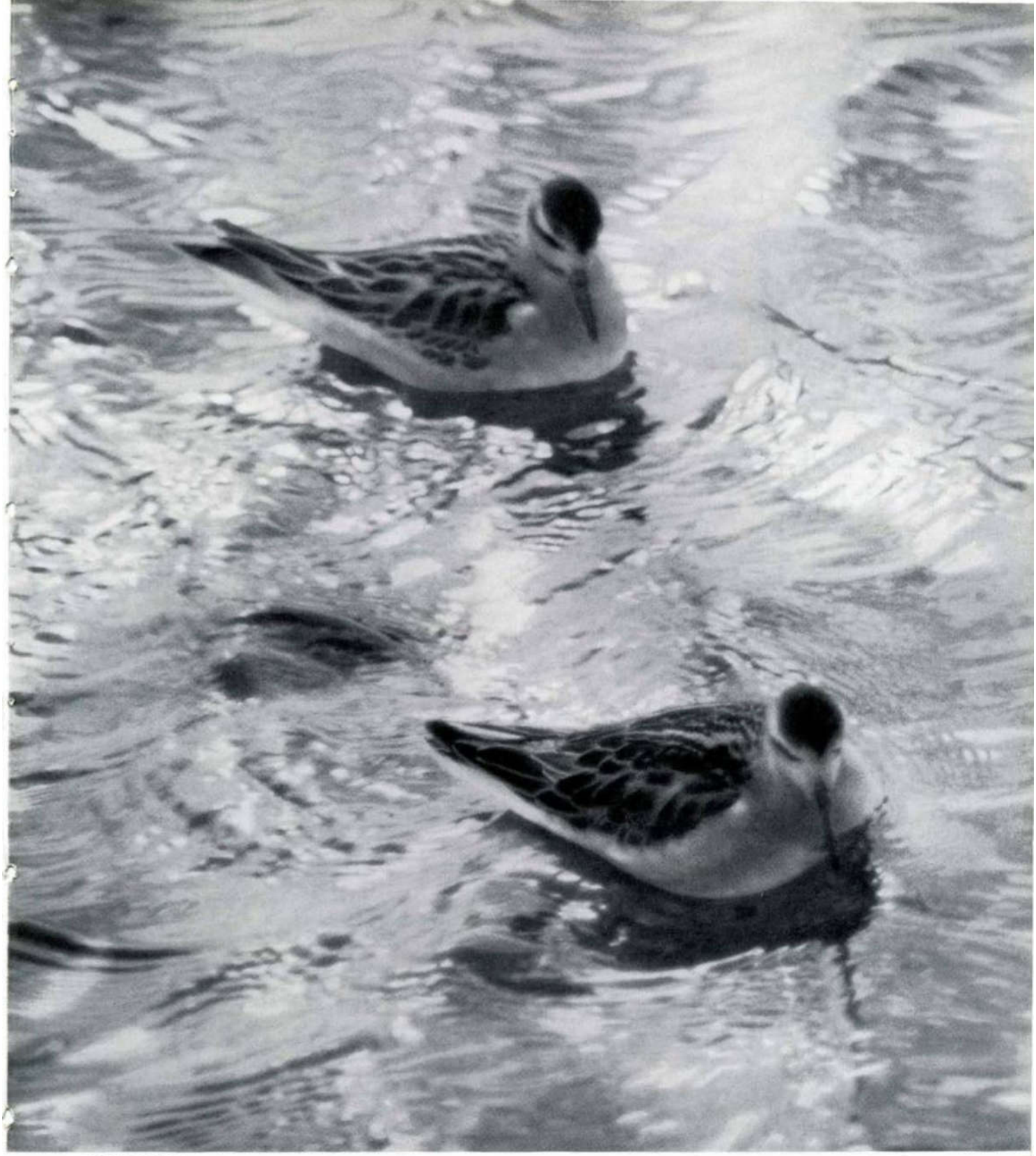
large numbers pass in migration through the settled districts of northern United States and Canada, no one hears their full, captivating melodies without voyaging to the Arctic. To catch the strains of this music in the brooding stillness of the tundras, saturated with the mellow radiance of the midnight sun, is a rare and delightful experience.

The hardiness of these smaller birds is a striking feature of northern life. They blithely enter the Arctic before the snow is off the ground and begin nesting as soon as scattered patches of rock and peaty tundra are exposed. Through fair and foul weather of the brief Arctic summer the young are brought to successful maturity in time to migrate south just before the first heavy snowfalls of early winter. Some hardy individuals are met with, indeed, even after this event. Particularly does this apply to the redpolls, which are frequently seen for some weeks after the boisterous winter has commenced in late September or early October.

It may be said that for several species no situation however desolate but may witness its occupation by the more venturesome individuals of the race. This is especially true of that omnipresent and adorable singer, the snow bunting. While travelling in the far northern solitudes it is met with in practically all types of country short of the icefields and the higher, frigid slopes of the loftier mountains. There is probably no other bird so universally distributed, in the better as well as barely supportable situations, from the southern fringe of the Arctic to the northernmost limits of land. For this reason, it is better known and more deeply rooted in the affections of Arctic travellers than any other species that inhabits the polar regions.

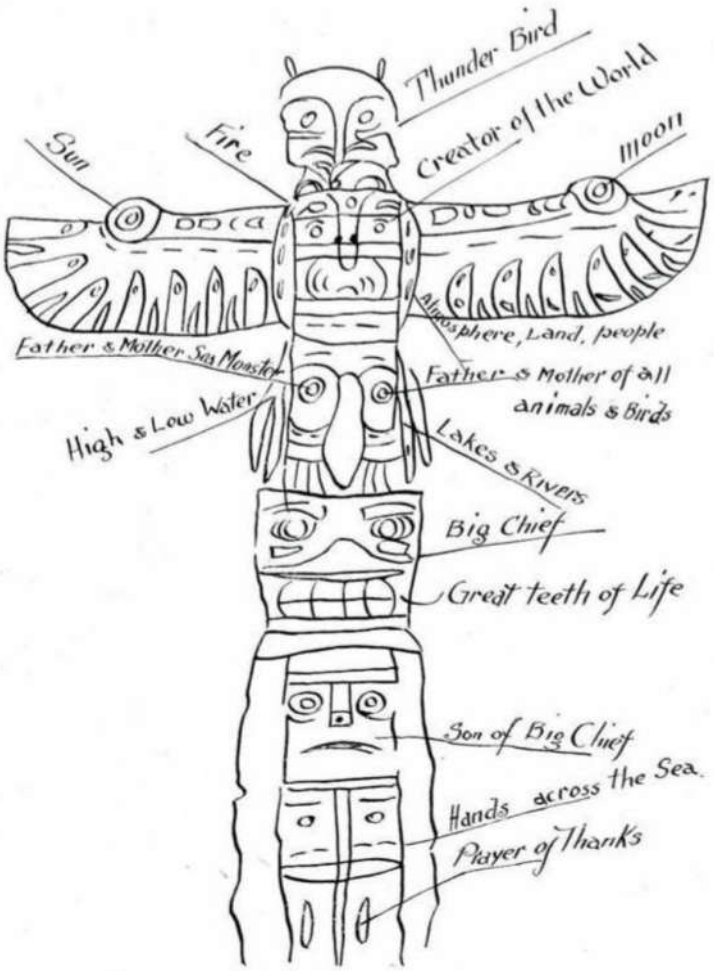
Nesting White-rumped Sandpiper on the Blue Goose Plains near Foxe Basin. Of the small waders this is the commonest species breeding in western Baffin Island.

Female Rock Ptarmigan, near relative of the grouse and highly characteristic of the more hilly areas in the Arctic islands.



LORENE SQUIRE

Red Phalaropes in autumn plumage at Chesterfield.



THE SQUAMISH TOTEMS

by Edward Green

ONE of the few Indian chiefs to be granted an audience with a ruling British monarch was Chief Mathias Capilano of the Squamish tribe. He was received by King Edward VII at Buckingham Palace and returned to Vancouver with an autographed picture of the king. Today Chief Capilano is buried in the Indian cemetery on the Squamish Reserve at North Vancouver. His son, Chief Mathias Joe Capilano is preparing to meet the grandson of the king who received his father—King George VI.

Like his father, Chief Joe is fiercely proud of his lineage and of his tribal codes and customs. He recalls that in the days of his great-grandfather, Chief Paydsmook, those who refused to work were bound to floating logs in the ocean. It was the Squamish code. Chief Paydsmook ruled a hundred thousand people. He met Captain Vancouver in 1792, and his tribe helped build trading posts and brought in fur.

"Today we are a doomed race," Chief Joe says. "Only four hundred and twenty of us remain and death takes more than are born. Of ten children, I have been able to raise only two. Tuberculosis removed the others. My people are not able to eat the white man's food or live in the white man's houses. At Alert Bay Indian school our children are now being fed Indian food cooked in the Indian way.

"Our women cook our food in baskets. Fish or meat is put in the basket and covered with herbs and bark. Dark or blue rocks are heated in the fire. Then water is poured in the basket and the hot rocks dropped in. This cooks the meat or fish as it ought to be cooked. Of course our baskets are waterproof—here is one we have used for more than a hundred years."

To roast meat, a hole in the ground is lined with hot rocks covered by herbs and barks. The meat is put in, the hole sealed over, and the hot rocks cook it to the tribal taste.

In front of the dwelling of the Squamish chief stand the totems, weird carved poles which describe the family tree. Chief Joe tells the meaning of his father's totem thus:

"The head is the Thunderbird, Creator of the world, drawn to the chest. Next to the Creator is fire and atmosphere, land, people, sickness and death. On the right wing are the sun, the sky, the clouds, the rain, the hail-storm, and the winds we get through the day. On the left wing are the moon, the stars, the night clouds, and the night that makes the world go to sleep. On one side of the tail are high and low water marks. On the other side are the lakes and rivers that come from the hills for ever.

"The Creator has the Thunderbird to look after the world. When he thunders in the spring, we thank the Creator that our world will have a good summer again. Thunder and lightning, wind and rain shake the dust from the trees so that the leaves come out again and the birds can build their nests. The face of the earth is washed so that the grass and the berries come again. The mouths of the creeks and the rivers are washed at the sea so that the fish come back to spawn."

Further down the pole is the life of the great chief: the eyes of no fear, the red paint of great wealth, the teeth of life which make men speak good words. Below the wings of the Thunderbird are the symbols of the son of Chief Mathias who succeeded his father as chief. On the last carving an Indian dancer sings an Indian song. "This is to show the joy of the people and the joy in my father's heart when all was well with them. The hands across the sea mark my father's visit to King Edward in 1906. The singer is petitioning that our lands, fish, hunting, and all the Creator gave us should be ours for ever.

"This is the totem of my father. I have carved it for him. It can be found today in many lands. We sent one to London, and others to Germany and to the United States. When I die, my son, Chief Buffalo Capilano, will carve my totem for the world to see.

"We were a strong race," Chief Joe continued. "Each morning every member of our tribe turned to the sun saying, 'Sas-ayis-huh-ns-chook-s-loskum.' That means 'O Great Man, help me this day.' Then they jumped into the Capilano river to cleanse their minds and bodies for the new day. I do this now."

Chief Joe has taught his son the centuries old tribal story of the Flood. "The Great Man flooded the earth because the man he created was getting too smart for his own good. After the Flood, the Great Man took away the common language and made the survivors learn a language of their own. This is true now, for a few miles from here live tribes whose language we do not understand. The Great Man did this so that men would not be so smart again. The Squamish knew the Flood was coming. The bears became striped and the fish from the sea changed colour. The leaves on the trees and the grass were different in the year before the Flood."

Mary Capilano, the mother of Chief Joe, is alive today at the age of one hundred and three years. Her Indian name is Lahullette, and her portrait hangs in Vancouver's Art Gallery. Not long ago she paddled her own canoe across Burrard Inlet to shop in the Hudson's Bay store in Vancouver. She is the store's earliest customer, and her first shopping was done at Fort Langley, where she went with her grandfather, Chief Skahoolt. Today her eyes are clear, her teeth sound, and her hearing perfect. She walks three miles from her home on the reserve to visit her son at the new Lion's Gate bridge. Her health is attributed to her diet of herbs and roots which the medicine men of the tribe gave her years ago.

Mary Capilano, 103 years old.

Chief Joe Capilano of the Squamish tribe.

Chief Joe made drawings to illustrate another portion of the Squamish code. He drew two trees, a waterfall, mountains, a wigwam, a fire, a ladder, a bow and arrow and a canoe. Two rivers joining a large river completed the picture.

"The trees are man and wife growing from the earth and bringing young after them. The falls are the pure thoughts that flow from the hills of our minds for ever. The mountain tops are ideals which we must look up to and be proud to have seen and have others see. The fire that burns is our love for each other sending the smoke of understanding high in the air for all to see. The ladder of life we must climb steadily each day. The bow and arrow mean you must shoot your arrows straight with a strong arm and a steady eye. The canoe is for independence. The two rivers are common woes meeting in one stream and going their way together."

Chief Joe is one of the last links with a colourful past on the Pacific Coast. Only time will tell whether he will be the last chief of the once great Squamish tribe to welcome a ruling British monarch.

MUSK-OXEN IN DEFENCE FORMATION

SANCTUARY

by W. B. HOARE

ANIMALS that once flourished in widely distributed areas but now occur in only small sections of their former range are known as relics. The musk-ox is a typical relic. In prehistoric times its contemporaries were the Neanderthals and Cro-Magnon men. Now the musk-ox is confined to the new world. It has been fast disappearing from the face of the earth but fortunately has lately found sanctuary in Northern Canada.

The life history of the musk-ox is fascinating. Its scientific name (*Ovibos Moschatus*) infers a link between sheep and goats on the one hand and cattle on the other. The animal has anatomical and other characteristics belonging to all these groups. It is a descendant, as its appearance strongly suggests, of those prehistoric animals that ranged the regions of ice, snow and rock that in former times spread over the land areas of the northern polar hemisphere. Its fossilized remains, with those of the mammoth and woolly rhinoceros, have been found in pleistocene deposits in Siberia, Russia, Germany, Austria, France and England, showing that in prehistoric times it was widely distributed in the northern part of the old world.

In Europe and Asia the musk-ox disappeared before the dawn of history. We can only conjecture as to the cause. Some claim that with recession of the ice shields and resultant climatic change many types of plant life disappeared to be replaced by forested areas, and that living conditions for the musk-ox were entirely changed. The animal failed to adapt itself and became an easy prey to bacterial diseases. One authority, however, believes that primitive man, armed much as the Eskimos of a few years ago with spears and bows and arrows, rather than a change in climatic conditions or resultant bacterial diseases, was responsible for the disappearance of the musk-ox from the old world.

The first published account of living musk-oxen occurring in the new world is given by Jérémie, a French officer who was in charge of Fort Bourbon (York Factory) from 1697 to 1714. He mentions finding "boeuf musque" between the Churchill and Seal rivers, and gives the first known written description of them. Then Dragge, clerk of the English ship *California*, tells of three being seen on the northern part of the west coast of Hudson Bay in 1747. Samuel Hearne, on his famous journey to Coppermine river, 1769-72, tells of finding musk-oxen or traces of them from Fort Prince of Wales all the way to Bloody Falls on Coppermine river. To the west of Coppermine river they were known to occur in favourable localities almost to

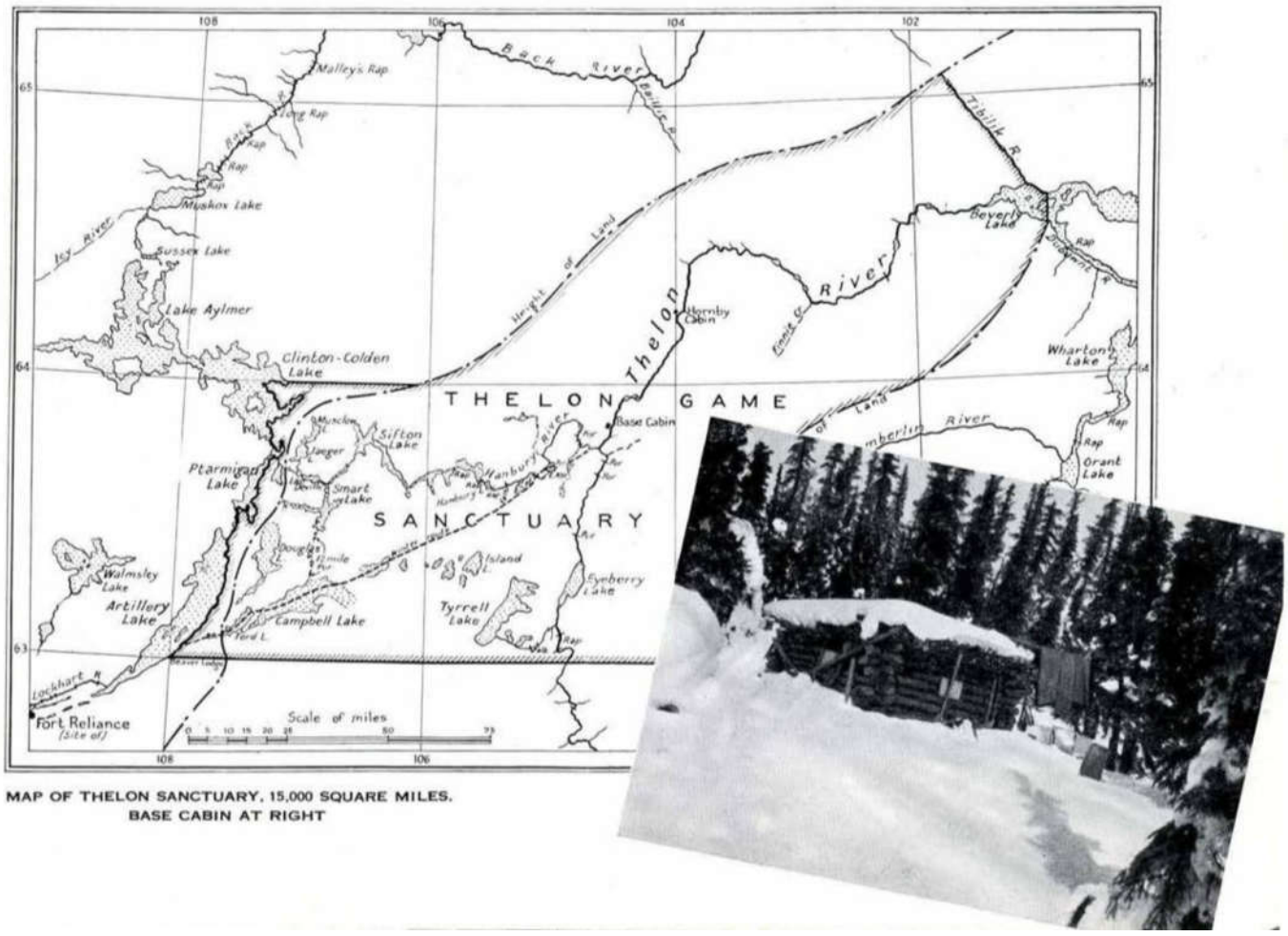
Mackenzie river, and in many places were numerous up to one hundred years ago. Remains found on the tundras of Yukon Territory and Alaska show that living musk-oxen occurred in those regions in many places within the last century. Greenland and many of the Canadian Arctic islands were known to have large musk-ox populations until quite recently.

From the evidence it is clearly apparent that at the beginning of the 1800's living musk-oxen were to be found in Greenland and many of the Canadian Arctic islands and in suitable areas on the mainland of North America from the west coast of Hudson Bay all the way across to Alaska. In the central part of the area, the range extended south to within a few miles of Great Slave Lake. This vast new world range must have supported many thousands of these valuable animals at one time.

Whatever happened to the musk-ox in the old world, it does seem that the animal is naturally fitted to survive under the conditions that now exist in the northern part of the new world. It is true that it has failed to hold its own, especially on the mainland. Not one is known to remain south of Chesterfield Inlet near the west coast of Hudson Bay. Perhaps a few yet exist north of the inlet near the head of Wager Bay, but this is doubtful. From the west coast of Hudson Bay to Bathurst Inlet no musk-oxen have been seen within hundreds of miles of the Arctic coast. West of Bathurst Inlet the entire Arctic watershed is devoid of them. Musk-oxen have been absent from Alaska and the Yukon for the last half century. A few may still remain north of Great Bear Lake. Some are still to be found in the vicinity of Aylmer lake and the upper reaches of Back river. There is, however, one region on the Canadian mainland where the musk-ox is expected to survive and, eventually, to re-stock other areas. This will be dealt with later.

When a herd of musk-oxen is attacked by wolves, the animals form into a rough defensive circle with the cows and calves in the middle and the bulls on the outside facing the enemy. They generally successfully defend themselves and families with lightning-like thrusts of hoof and horn and eventually drive off the wolves by a sudden combined charge of several animals. This trait has been their downfall since natives use dogs to hold a herd at bay and divert their attention while the hunters bring down every last animal. The infuriated beasts seek to destroy the dogs and remain until every adult has been killed. In the hunt for meat for food or hides to trade, natives have thus wiped out herd after herd. None of our game animals could long survive such slaughter.

While the blame for the extermination of the musk-oxen in the interior can be chiefly laid at the door of native hunters, this is not quite the case in the depletion of the northern islands and some of the accessible coastline of the mainland. White men are chiefly responsible for the dwindling numbers on Greenland, Ellesmere, Melville and other islands. Expeditions took large toll to feed their members and great numbers of sled dogs, while on explorations through musk-ox territory. Whalers, sealers, and fishermen landed hunting parties in favourable spots and killed large numbers for hides and meat. In the early days of whaling in the western Arctic many ships wintered in the north. White and native hunting parties were sent inland to procure winter meat supplies. Musk-ox meat was just as acceptable as caribou. Captain Nels Holm was a junior officer when the ill-fated *Karluk* wintered in Langdon bay about forty-five years ago. He tells of



MAP OF THELON SANCTUARY, 15,000 SQUARE MILES.
BASE CABIN AT RIGHT

the ship's hunters finding musk-oxen numerous in the interior, south of wintering quarters. All that were encountered were killed, except two young ones captured alive. These were later broken to harness and used to haul the hides and meat to the ship.

Calf hunting for specimens for zoological gardens also caused great havoc to the stock on accessible islands. In almost every case where calves were taken alive all the adults were killed first. One authority, writing on calf hunting in Greenland, claims that ten adults were killed for every calf captured. Others say that five to seven adults paid with their lives for each live calf taken. Only two instances are recorded where calves were captured without harming the adults.

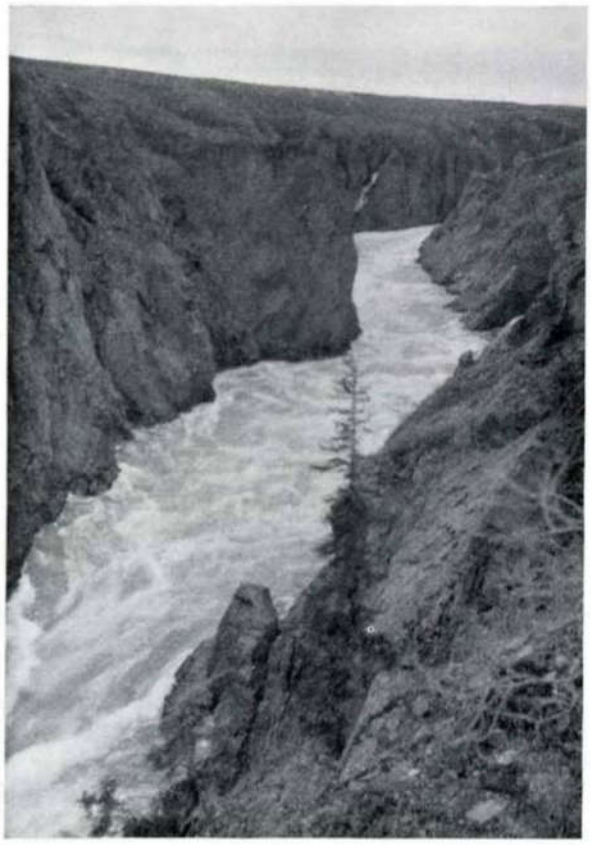
After these tales of bloody slaughter, the Canadian Government programme is a sharp contrast. In 1917 a regulation was passed making trade or traffic in musk-ox hides illegal. No one henceforth might molest, hunt or take musk-oxen except in dire need to prevent starvation. When the hides could no longer be disposed of, the natives stopped making special musk-ox hunts. The incentive was now gone to make the long, hard journey to reach musk-ox territory. A few years later some of the Arctic islands were set aside as a native game preserve. Later still, most of the Arctic islands and some of the mainland were included in this preserve.

These measures gave the musk-ox a new lease on life for a while. The price of fur rose after the war and caused an influx of new trading outfits and white trappers to the north. The high price and keen competition resulted in a mad scramble for fur. White and native trappers pushed their traplines even into remote musk-ox habitats. It was difficult to take supplies so far from the trade routes and advantage was taken of the "to prevent starvation" clause and the musk-ox suffered accordingly. As the law stood, the authorities could do little to stop the killing, so the regulation was changed to make it an offence to kill musk-oxen under any circumstances. The "starvation" plea would no longer appease the authorities if the offender had not made ample provision to supply himself before entering musk-ox territory. So another link in the chain of protection for the musk-ox was forged.

ABUNDANT PASTURAGE

FALLS ON THE HANBURY RIVER

DIXON CANYON, HANBURY RIVER



Adventurous whites began penetrating the remotest regions of the mainland and natives were advancing their hunting grounds to keep pace with them. The district along the Hanbury and Thelon rivers was one of the few spots to remain uninhabited by man. Traplines and hunting grounds, however, were rapidly extending in that direction. Authorities were aware that the locality contained one of the last known, untapped habitats of musk-ox on the mainland. If the district were to become inhabited it might easily mean disaster to the herds.

David T. Hanbury, who had the honour of first exploring the Thelon district in 1899, said of it: "On the main Arkilinik (Thelon) river there is a stretch of country about eighty miles in length into which no human being enters. The Eskimos do not hunt so far west, and the Yellow Knives and Dog Ribs from Slave lake do not go so far east. . . . . Thus there still remains one spot in this Great Barren Northland which

is sacred to the musk-ox. Here the animals remain in their primeval state, exhibiting no fear, only curiosity."

In 1900 J. W. Tyrrell made an exploratory survey of the Hanbury-Thelon route to Hudson Bay. He encountered musk-oxen on the head-waters of Hanbury river, and as his party glided quietly down Thelon river, "One of the most interesting features met with was the occurrence of numerous bands of musk-oxen feeding on the luxuriant grass or sleeping on the river bank." In the summary of his report Tyrell says: "For the preservation of the musk-oxen—which may be so easily slaughtered and are already diminishing in numbers—I would suggest that the territory between Thelon and Back rivers be set apart by the Government as a game preserve."

Several travellers of note followed the Hanbury-Thelon route in later years. Nearly all said the district should be set apart in some way to protect the musk-oxen. It seemed so inaccessible to the hunter and trapper, however, that very little was done for a time. Then, in 1924-25 Captain J. C. Critchell-Bullock and John Hornby carried on some scientific investigation in the district. They found about fifty musk-oxen along the Hanbury and Thelon rivers, and in reporting to the Government wrote: "The results of the trip show that there is a large uninhabited area where musk-oxen are plentiful, swans and geese nest, and caribou have their young undisturbed by man. The area possesses no minerals, containing only sandstone and sand, consequently can afford no inducement or excuse for men to go on a prospecting trip. If it is desired to protect the game in this part of the country it is essential to take measures. . . . A few years, perhaps, and it will be too late. . . ."

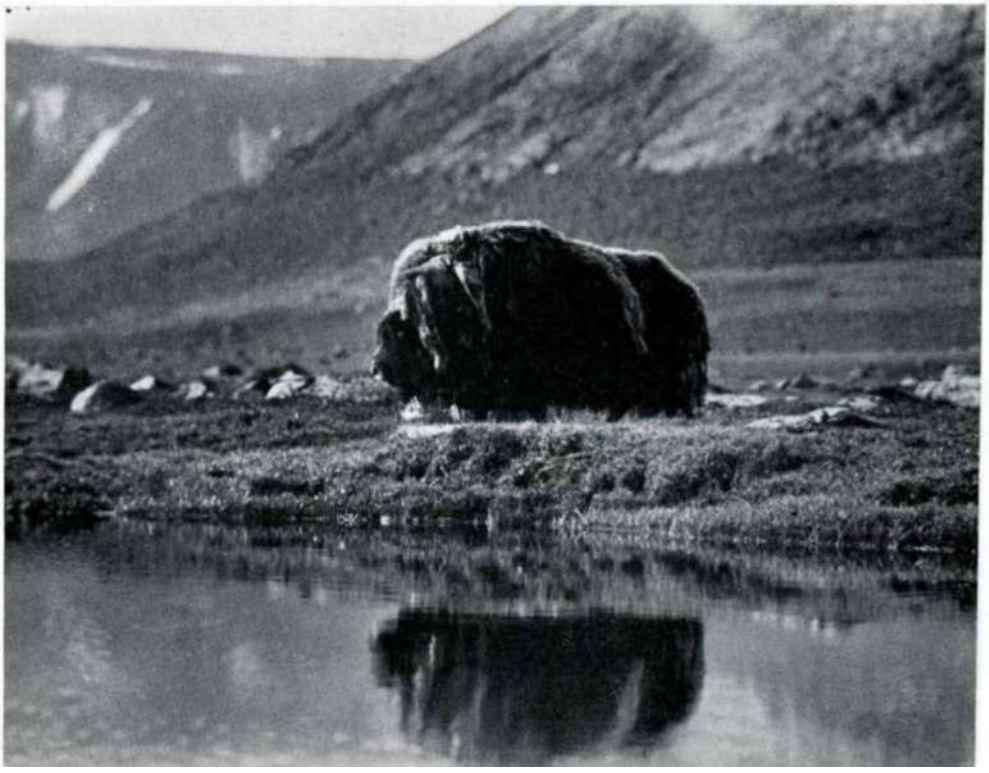
The Government decided that the time had come when something should be done. An Order-in-Council was passed on July 15, 1927, establishing the Thelon Game Sanctuary, within which the molesting or killing of any form of wild life is entirely prohibited. The Royal Canadian Mounted Police guard the Sanctuary against poachers, and persons are allowed to travel through it only under very special circumstances, and then not without permit.

The Sanctuary comprises an area of approximately 15,000 square miles on the height of land between Great Slave lake and Hudson Bay, one of the most isolated areas on the mainland of Canada. The western boundary of the Sanctuary is formed by the eastern shores of Artillery, Ptarmigan, and Clinton-Colden lakes, and the height of land between Back and Thelon rivers. The northern boundary follows Tibilik river from source to its mouth, and part of the south shore of Beverly lake. The eastern boundary is formed by the height of land between the Thelon and Dubawnt river systems. The sixty-third parallel of latitude, from Artillery lake to the Thelon-Dubawnt height of land, marks the southern boundary.

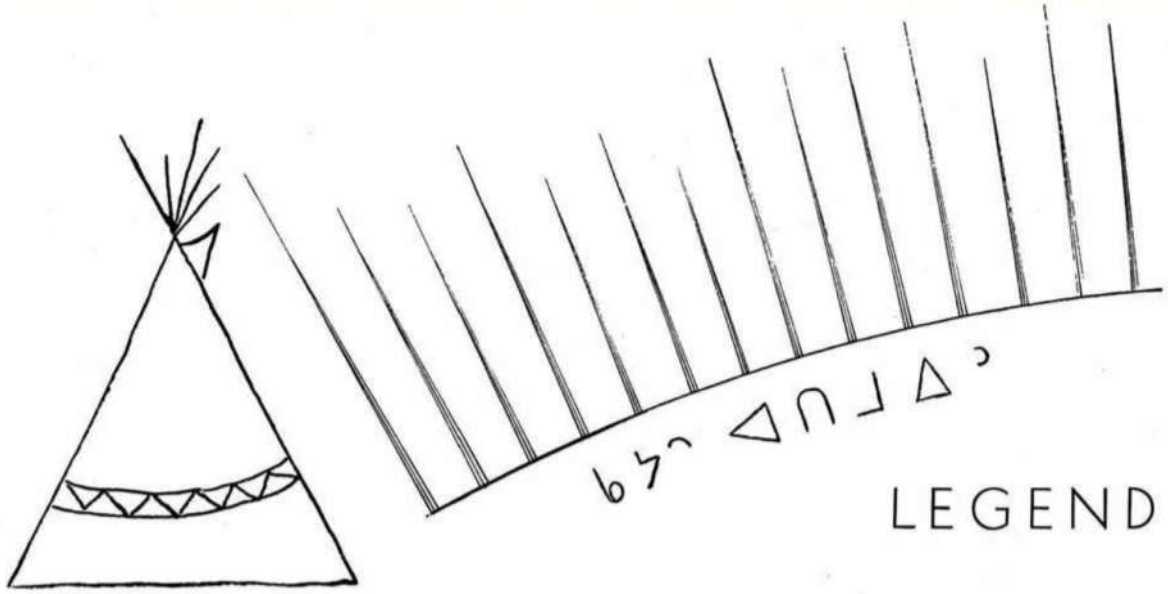
There are only two natural routes of entry to the Sanctuary. One is on the southwest corner which may be reached by travelling from the east arm of Great Slave lake across Pike's twenty-four mile portage route to Artillery lake. The other one is on the northeast and is approached from Chesterfield Inlet on Hudson Bay, then by Baker, Schultz, Aberdeen, and Beverly lakes to the mouth of Thelon river.

When an exploratory investigation of the Sanctuary was carried out in 1928-29, the district abounded in game and furbearing animals. Great herds of barren ground caribou pass back and forth through the Sanctuary on their spring and fall migrational treks, and many of the fawns are born within its confines, safe from the haunts of man. One interesting result of the investigation was the finding of the habitat of the musk-oxen. One hundred and twenty-seven of these "living links with the past" were actually encountered there. In 1935 an expedition conducted by Mr. Harry Snyder spent two days in the vicinity of Hanbury and Thelon rivers and counted one hundred and seventy-two musk-oxen. During the summers of 1936-37 a biological survey of the Sanctuary was carried out by a Government party. Signs of musk-oxen were numerous, and from the number of animals seen with young and yearling calves it was estimated that they were increasing in a healthy, natural manner. There is every reason to believe that, having found sanctuary at last, the musk-ox will survive.

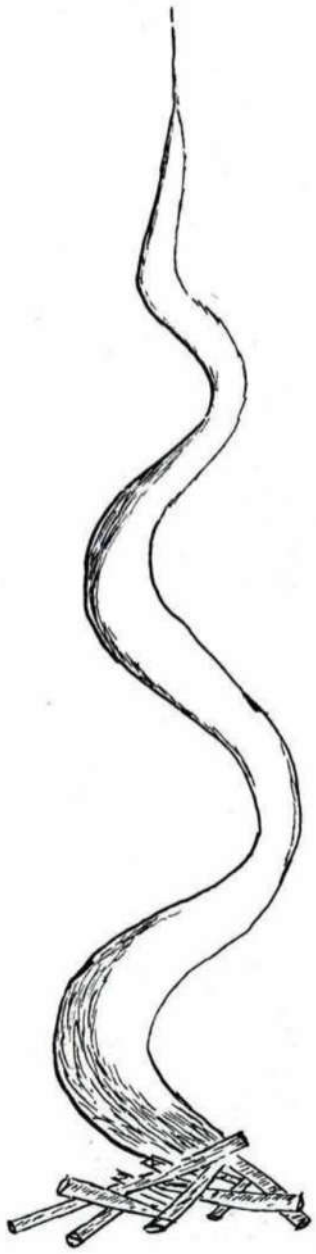
A FEARLESS MONARCH



ILLUSTRATIONS BY COURTESY OF NATIONAL MUSEUM AND DEPARTMENT OF INTERIOR



LEGEND OF



LIKE a leaf from the Old Testament is the legend of Big River, one of the oldest stories in America. The Big River is the great Mackenzie, and the setting of the story is the Mackenzie basin about two degrees south of the Arctic Circle.

Young Indians do not recount legends. A wealth of tribal literature has been lost with the coming of white men, trappers and traders—but there are still encampments among the Dog-Rib Indians that have been little touched by white men, and here the most aged members of the tribe, too old to hunt, sit by the camp fire and remember what they heard as young men from the ancients of the tribe. In this manner came the tale of the Big River to J. P. Hughes, who learned Indian folklore and customs while prospecting in remote parts of the north country. Mr. Hughes is not one of those who endows the Indian with a halo of restless blood-thirst. He has found them not inferior to his own race in their humanity, their lack of inborn family hatreds, their frugality, modesty, and parental love.

This is the legend of Big River translated from the Indian syllabic for the first time:

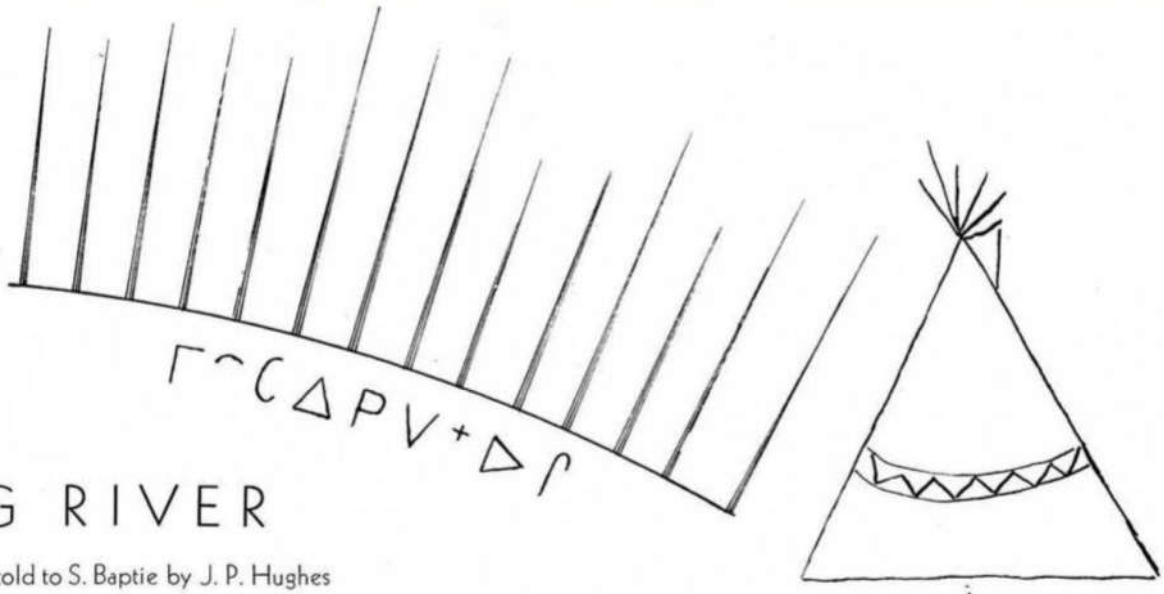
"Many, many moons ago, long before the big snow, the Indians on Big River must work day and night to feed the great Dragon which came up from the great salt water every springtime. Then came the long, long night, and no fish were on the racks. Many old squaws and children died. Now came the night of the great Spirit Fires. No one ever saw the Spirit Fires so brightly shine before. Squaws and little children hid under their robes.

"Then the Great Spirit spoke, and said: 'Many, many moons ago, I brought your fathers' fathers from the land of the setting sun to this land. You went to the south wind and to the east wind, and you were as many as the trees and spoke many times to the Great Spirit by the smoke of your council fires, but now you have forgotten the Great Spirit and you feed the Dragon. The Great Spirit now speaks to his children, and tells them to build a great wall across the Big River towards the great salt water, and the Dragon cannot cross it.'

"Then a great council was called and big chiefs from the south wind and the east wind came and sat at a great council fire on the side of the rising sun of Big River. On the rising of the sun on the seventh day, the big chiefs sent a smoke message from the big council fire to the Great Spirit saying they would build a great white wall.

"Then a great noise was heard, and the ground moved, and the lodge poles fell down, and they looked and saw that the great white wall was already built. Then the Great Spirit spoke and said: 'So long as the smoke from this council fire goes up to the skies, never again will the Great Dragon come to Big River'."

Told briefly, the children of the Great Spirit had departed from their inherited custom of communion with Him through the smoke of their



BIG RIVER

told to S. Baptie by J. P. Hughes

council fires, and had become slaves of the Dragon or Evil One. The Great Spirit had tested their faltering faith, and when they had responded, He had driven out the Evil One.

These wandering people who had trekked east through Asia thousands of years ago dreamed of lands beyond the Bering Straits of today, which in their time may have been a neck of land connecting the two continents. Crossing this they had continued east along the rugged northern coast of Alaska until finally they reached the first large river, so that they had named the Mackenzie "Big River," noting that it came from the warm south. Here in the basin of the Mackenzie, sheltered from the Arctic Ocean, abundant in growth and fish and game and with a glorious display of northern lights, they had halted for a period. Far back in the dim past their ancestors had worshipped a Supreme Being. They had brought their religion with them, worshipping in various lands different objects as a configuration of the Supreme One who had guided their footsteps.

In the grandeur of northern lights they believed their Supreme One was present. On the night of the revelation described in the legend, these "spirit fires" flamed surpassingly bright. The squaws and the children hid their faces beneath their robes. And the voice of the Great Spirit had spoken from the light saying that He had brought their fathers from the west, the land of the setting sun, to this land of plenty—out of the wilderness, as it was in the Bible. In the years of plenty they had forgotten, and they became slaves of the Dragon, so that they must work at their nets day and night to satisfy his appetite, leaving no fish on the racks for the winter, "the long, long night." When they had held their council and sent the message to the Great Spirit through the smoke of the council fire, He had done this miracle.

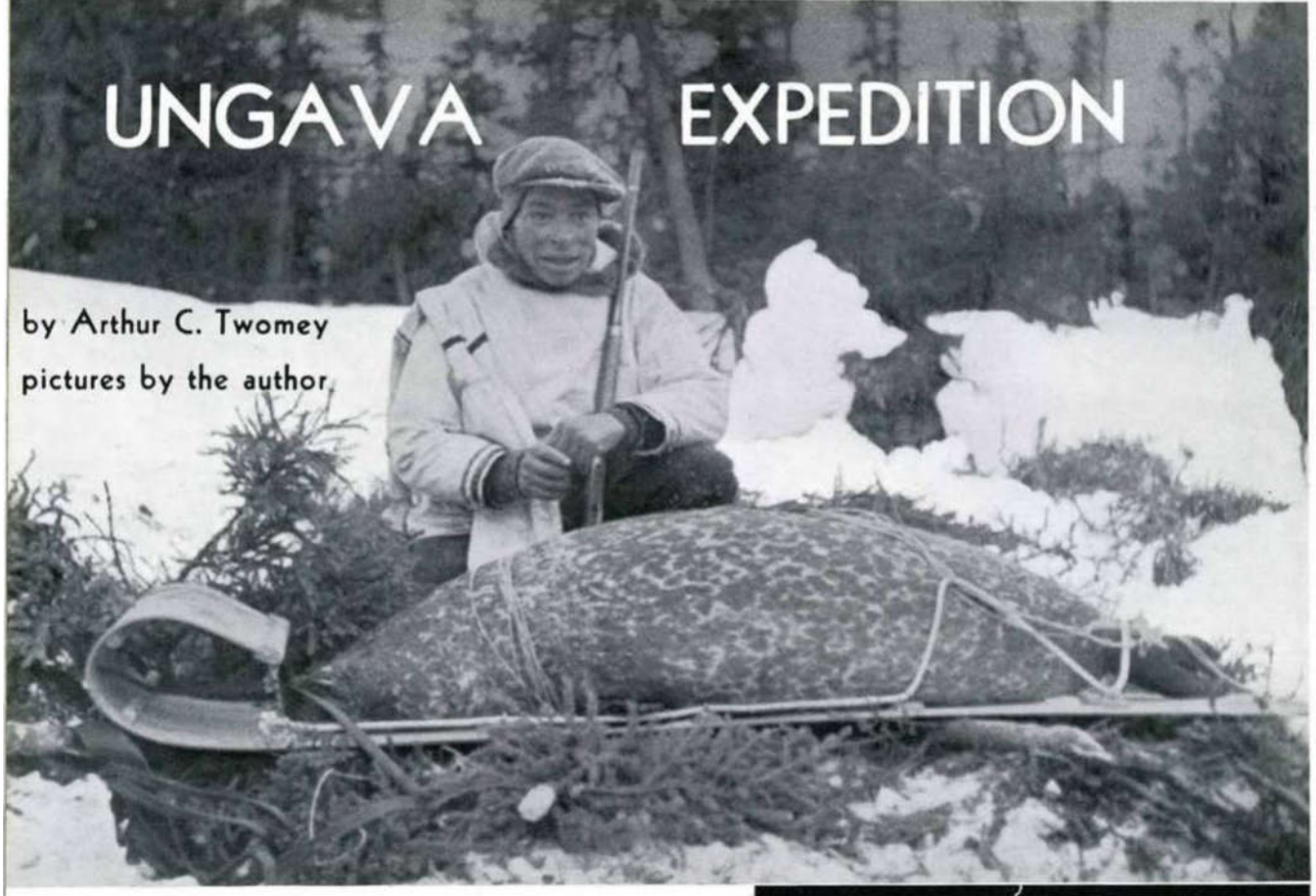
Today the emblem of Christianity is displayed on the spires of many missions, the fire continues to burn, and the great white wall remains a silent witness.

When Alexander Mackenzie in 1789 discovered the river that bears his name, he wrote in his diary that a short distance below where a river joined the Mackenzie from the east, he saw a spiral of smoke arising from a point near the shore. He investigated and saw a deep pit which he presumed was a peat bed that had been burning for a long time. Today the voyager on the Mackenzie will see this spiral of smoke from the deck of the steamer as he journeys from McMurray to Aklavik. Farther down he will see a great white wall, apparently across the river. Today it is called the ramparts, and the river has worn a deep passage through the centre. It is an old, old trail, one of the oldest in North America. From it the wanderers of the west branched out to the east wind and the south wind and populated the Atlantic states, the Mississippi valley and the western prairies. Long years afterwards, the first white men came from across the seas, and misnamed these people Indians.

UNGAVA EXPEDITION

by Arthur C. Twomey

pictures by the author

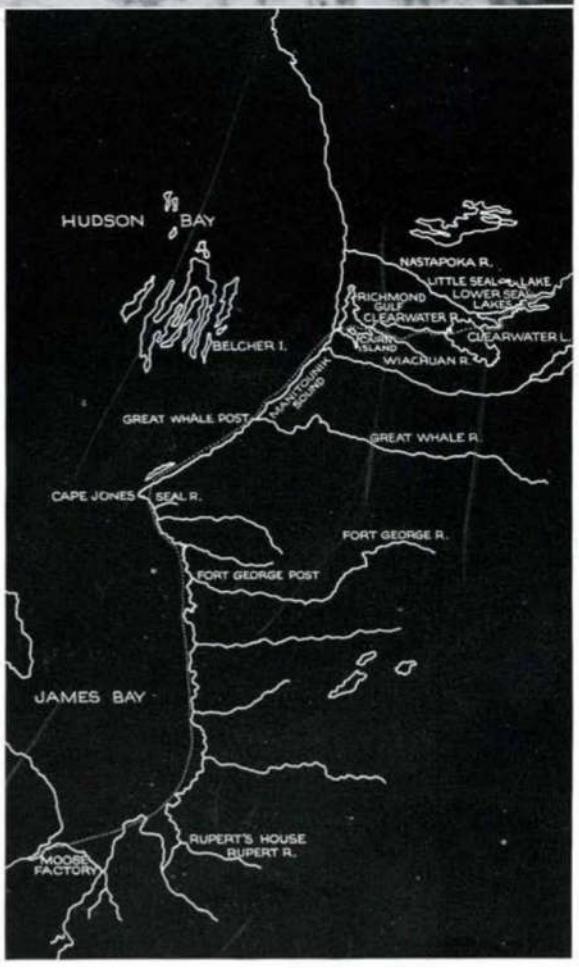


Daniel Petacumeshcum with the first seal.

Last year the Carnegie Museum sent an expedition led by J. K. Doutt and Dr. Arthur Twomey to collect specimens of the freshwater seal reported to be in the Seal Lakes which lie about one hundred and fifty miles inland from Richmond Gulf on the east coast of Hudson Bay. This article describes their inland trip.

THE starting point of our expedition was Moose Factory, where George Moore, who was to be our guide, cook, and interpreter, got a team of dogs and the necessary equipment to take us up to Great Whale River, five hundred miles to the north. We soon learned that a party of geologists were to be flown out from Great Whale River within the following week, and so we were able to "thumb a ride"; the trip required only three and a half hours by air, but would have taken several weeks by dog-sled. As we sped above the vast coniferous forest, George would look down and remark, "Well, there goes another day!"—we were covering about a day's travel by dog-team every fifteen minutes.

At Great Whale River we learned that Cookee, the Eskimo who had been engaged to guide us to Seal Lake, would not accompany us. He had lost heart when he discovered that we were not flying into the interior. An indefinite delay loomed as Cookee was the only Eskimo who knew the way. Norman Ross, the post manager at Great Whale River, revived our spirits, however, when he told us that Indians from the interior would be coming in to the post for supplies within a couple of weeks. These Indians lived and hunted in the country which we wished to visit, and he believed that our success depended on them.



Finally, after several weeks of delay and uncertainty, an Indian from the interior, Daniel Petacumeshcum, appeared. But Daniel gave us little hope. He said that if he could find another Indian who also knew the way and who would go in with him, he might consider accompanying us. After a lengthy wait, news eventually reached us from Richmond Gulf that they would go with us provided that we would be able to get other Indians to help haul the toboggans and that we would provide an ample supply of food for their families during the absence of their "breadwinners."

The pleasant days during our wait at Great Whale River, and the jolly company of Mr. Ross and Mr. Roy Jefferys, will long be remembered. The old interpreter, Mr. Harold Udgardener, told us stories of his earlier years among the Indians and Eskimos. Mr. Ross was very co-operative and helped us in every way possible. Through him we secured the Indian guides and arranged for the rations, all of which meant the success of our undertaking.

We were approaching Cairn Island, the jumping off place for our hurried trip inland. George Moore had been sent ahead with the first load of provisions and was waiting at the Hudson's Bay Company buildings on Cairn Island to greet us.

The inland Indians began to gather and we chose guides and assistants for the trip. Finally, we engaged Daniel and his brother, Thomas George, Boyshish, Luke Cash, and Jimmie Sandy to take us to Lower Seal Lake. In addition, Jimmie Ekumiak, an Eskimo, was to help hunt seal. These inlanders were big, strapping fellows. Their white parkas, caribou moccasins, and great, circular, bear-paw snowshoes made them a colorful lot. With long, graceful, swinging strides, they seemed to float along over the snow. For us who were not accustomed to snowshoes, it was an effort to keep up with these six-footers.

The morning of February 28 was beautiful and clear —no wind, and only eighteen degrees below zero. With our seven natives, each carrying about two hundred pounds on their narrow toboggans, we set out. The party stopped at the Indian encampment to pick up a few personal effects and to say a last farewell to their families.

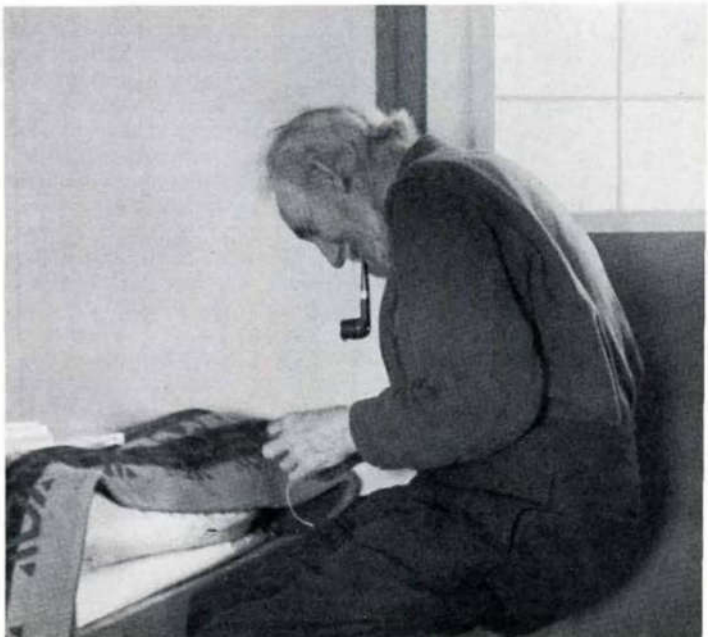
By the end of the day we had covered about ten miles and had reached the big island that lies about three miles west of the mouth of the Wiachuan River. There the Indians prepared to make camp for the night, for the sun was beginning to set and a light snow was falling. We made camp in a grove of spruce trees, sheltered on the west, east and south by trees, and on the north by a high rock wall that towered fifty or sixty feet above us. From an old snowshoe trail and freshly cut trees, it was evident that this had been a favorite camp for the inlanders while travelling to and from their winter traplines.

The Indians barely had stopped when the camp was bustling with activity. Axes could be heard ringing from every direction. Trees were rapidly cut and stripped of their boughs. Jimmie Sandy and Thomas George trampled out a large circular spot in the soft snow about fourteen feet in diameter and then with a large wooden, spoon-shaped shovel began to scoop out the snow leaving about two feet of soft snow in the hole. The spruce boughs were next spread on the snow and in a very short time there was a fine springy floor. Over this they pitched our tent and banked it with snow. George made the wood stove ready while Jimmie gathered firewood. With the tarps down and the sleeping bags arranged, the tent began to get comfortably warm within a few minutes. As we prepared supper, we could hear the Indians laughing and joking as they pitched their tent and cut the night's firewood for the whole camp.

Their camp duties finished, the Indians settled in for their long evening's rest. Their wood stove joined ours in a merry, warm roar. Outside, the snow was falling in large white flakes, turning the night into a wonderland. The sparks of the roaring fires threw up a red glow into the blanket of snow; the moon was barely visible in the light snow storm, but the whole scene filled one with rest and contentment. As we sat close to the stove and wrote our notes in the dim candle light, the quietness of the sub-arctic night was suddenly broken when a deep bass voice began to sing "Jesus Loves Me." Soon other voices joined, singing softly in their own language. How strange it seemed to hear these Indians singing hymns, blending so beautifully with the peaceful evening. Although the Ungava Indians are far from missionaries during the greater part of the year, they are instilled with a deep religious faith which speaks well for those who have tried to bring the teachings of Christ to these people since the early days of the Company.

Next morning the camp was astir with the brisk preparation of a substantial breakfast and the breaking of camp. The toboggans were quickly loaded and we headed across the island to the east shore of the Gulf Lake where the high ground broke off abruptly to the smooth surface of the lake. Once on the lake ice, our progress was much easier and we covered the distance to the Wiachuan River in little more than an hour. A stiff north wind sprang up and the snow began to drift. We started over the north bank of the Wiachuan where it drops off into a three-hundred-foot falls into the Gulf Lake. Our way led us over a winding trail through dense stands of spruce forests which were scattered along the deep valleys. The summits of the high, rocky hills were bare of vegetation while many of the lower exposed hills were covered with reindeer lichens. After a long, strenuous climb, we stopped for a cup of tea. The Indians selected a spot sheltered from the wind and after testing the depth of the snow, began to trample down an area about

Harold Udgardener, interpreter, Great Whale River post.



Out of Richmond Gulf on the return.

fifteen feet in diameter with their snowshoes. Spruce trees were next cut and the boughs strewn about the outer edge of the trampled area. This afforded a good place to stand and at the same time kept our feet warm. It was but a few minutes until a big fire was built and we had a steaming cup of tea. While part of the Indians relayed a cache from about five miles back, we moved ahead about a mile and prepared camp.

Just as the yellow morning sun began to break through the haze on the distant hills, we moved out of camp. The sky was nearly clear save for the sparkling mist that accompanies forty degrees below zero weather. The descent to the Wiachuan River was rapid as our expedition threaded its way down through the dense spruce forests to the smooth frozen surface of the river. Progress up the river was more rapid and by 9.30 a.m. we had reached the second falls of the river, which drops over a sixty-five-foot cliff. About five miles above the falls, we stopped and pitched camp while the Indians returned and relayed provisions from our last camp. This gave us time to look about over this new white world for signs of animal life. To cover as much territory as possible, we set out in different directions. During my wanderings, I was delighted to come across two queer trails and followed them for some distance. It would have been a rare sight to have seen the small animals that made the tracks tobogganing along over the soft snow; when they came to a drift they merely plunged in and came out at the other side. Daniel said they were otter tracks. He had seen them often about the open rapids along the river courses since the chief food of this little animal is fish. It was great fun wandering over these hills, knowing that very few white men had been here. We were following the same route taken by Lowe and others for canoe trips into the interior.

This country was the home of the Indian; no white trappers have been allowed. The "white birds" (willow ptarmigan), as the Indians call them, were seen at each thicket of willows which fringed the margins of the river. Tracks of mink, weasel, and otter were numerous as we wandered about over the snowy blanket in the spruce forest. At intervals the wing marks of a ptarmigan could be seen at the end of his trail where he had made a hasty departure upon the approach of a prowling enemy. In the early evening (four o'clock) of the short winter day, the ptarmigan tracks showed where the birds had moved leisurely from the willow thickets (where they had been browsing on willow twigs during the day) up into the powdery snow of the sheltered spruce forests. There, if one moved with caution along the trail, the bird would be seen to disappear into the snow. But no matter how careful the approach, the wise old bird was always on watch. With a blink of his black eyes and a low chuckle, he would burst forth in a shower of snow—a snowy white bird with a black tail—and vanish into the dark, evergreen forest. Canada jays, out of sheer curiosity, came out to the edge of the forest to peer at us as we passed along. Sometimes, whistling softly, they would follow for a short distance, then turn off in search of food.

March 8 found us on Clearwater River and moving up around the series of three rapids that separated us from Clearwater Lake. Here, the country changes rapidly; the trees are more scattered and stunted, indicating that we were not so many miles from the open arctic tundras. The country is rough and rolling; great rugged cliffs rise abruptly from the shore of the

Working toboggans around tricky places.

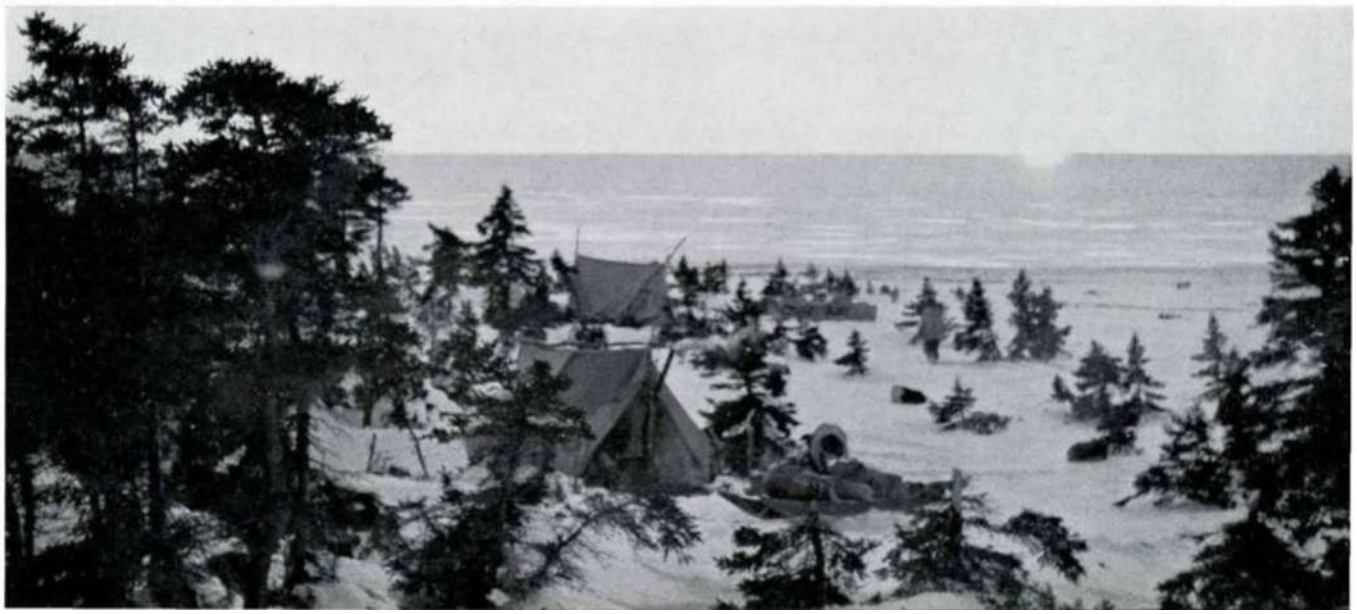
river, making portage trails necessary over the steep banks in order to avoid the rapids. Rock ptarmigan, smaller than the willow ptarmigan, were seen frequently as we neared Clearwater Lake. At places along the steep hillsides, great flocks of fifty to two hundred birds would suddenly fly up ahead of us.

"Wyeashagame," as the Indians call the lake, is an expansive body of water stretching off as far as the eye can reach. The frozen surface of the lake is dotted by innumerable rocky islands of varying sizes. Some are low, rounded, rocky islands; others, covered with reindeer lichens, are barren of trees; some are wooded by scattered, stunted, wind-blown spruce trees which grow along the more sheltered slopes and valleys.

The snow on the surface of the ice was blown hard and smooth, and we walked without snowshoes. Travelling was easy here but the distances seemed unending. At times Daniel pointed to a distant hill and said, "Just over that hill is Seal Lake." At the end of the first day's climb, the hill seemed no smaller, but eventually we got to the top and looked down over the vastness of Lower Seal Lake.

The Indians were never in a hurry. Daniel, the leader, would decide to camp because his men were hungry. At such times we stopped and Daniel and Thomas George or Luke would go off for an hour or two and return with a meal for all. Upon these occasions, the Indians were always happiest, for the

Camp at the head of Manitounik Sound.



Rock Ptarmigan.

white man's food did not seem to appease their appetites as did the fresh, wild meat. (The Indians maintain that they could live with ease in the interior if they had a good supply of shot and powder and some fish hooks.)

On March 14 we reached the narrows of Lower Seal Lake where the swift current kept a strip about half a mile long and from fifty to a hundred feet wide free from ice. Here the Indians said that we might find the freshwater seal, the main objective of our inland trip. During the following week, many hours were spent about the seal hole, but never a seal was seen. At times, a cross fox could be seen on the distant shore as he hunted up the little valleys in quest of small prey. The Hudsonian chickadees and Canada jays would come near, making life a bit more cheerful.

Finally, Daniel suggested that there was a Little Seal River which ran into Lower Seal Lake northeast of camp and that there were at least two or three places where the river was open. We decided to try this last place as our time to return was drawing near. At last, on our second stop on the Little Seal River, Daniel appeared to be in a great hurry. He chose a camp-site early in the afternoon and said that he would rush up to the next seal hole, where he might have a chance to shoot a seal. In the late afternoon, Daniel was sighted coming with a long swinging gait, his great bear-paw snowshoes acting like six-league boots. The news he brought electrified the whole camp. He had shot a freshwater seal! But before he was able to reach the animal, it had floated under the ice and disappeared. This complicated matters.

Next morning we all set off for the seal hole. By noon we had arrived and begun to dig holes in the ice in a vain attempt to locate the dead animal. As we chopped and worked away, a second seal suddenly popped up not more than seventy-five yards away, took a good look at us and then vanished. He had taken us completely by surprise. But he never so much as broke the surface of the water again at that point, though we spent four very cold days watching that open hole.

With the possibility of failure staring us in the face, we were getting blue over the whole affair. In addition, the Indians were beginning to run short of provisions and Daniel had come forward with the ultimatum that we would have to leave in two days for Clearwater Lake where they catch fish. If we wished to stay longer, we would have to do so ourselves. Their uneasiness was justifiable, for it had been only a few years before that twenty-six Indians had starved to death just a little to the north of our present camp-site. Two of the survivors were among our own party, so they were not anxious to take unnecessary chances. That evening we held a council of war and it was decided that Doutt was to remain with Daniel and probably Jacob Rupert for another two or three days. I was to take the remainder of the party back to Clearwater Lake, where we could fish, and if necessary send a party back in the event of any delay.

The next morning we separated equipment preparatory to splitting the party on the following day. That afternoon, I left camp with Daniel, Jacob Rupert and Thomas George to watch once more at the seal hole. By digging holes and lying on the surface of the ice, much of the bottom could be seen. During the long cold hours that we had waited about the place, sticks had been dropped into the water to try and detect the direction of the current. But there seemed to be a break in the general flow of the water at this point which did not help much. As a last resort, I decided to try another plan that had been running through my mind. A cork was weighted with lead so that it would just sink below the surface and under the ice. A long piece of light line was attached to the loaded cork and it was dropped over the edge of the ice at a point where the seal had disappeared. Two holes were quickly dug in the ice at five and fifteen feet back of the point where the cork was let down. Moving in the direction of the bank, the cork became suspended and almost stationary in the

water. Daniel and Jacob immediately began to chisel out holes in the ice near the bank, and after the second hole Daniel began to shout. Sure enough, there was the dead seal, a large female, floating up against the ice! It seems that at this point there had been a break in the current caused by a rock shelf that extended out from shore and of course had not been detected because of the ice. This had caused a back eddy of almost still water and it was into this eddy the dead seal had floated. Thus it was that there had been many cold hours of watchful waiting within ten yards of the dead seal.

There was great rejoicing in camp that evening. At last we had one specimen and the Indians had enough meat to last them for three or four additional days.

Within two days Daniel shot a second seal, a big male, at another seal hole which he discovered in the narrows where the Little Seal River flows out of Little Seal Lake, about five miles north of camp.

Jacob Rupert, who was the real freshwater seal hunter among the Indians, had seen a seal at another open hole south of camp and had set the seal net. His efforts were wholly unsuccessful, so he informed us that since these seal are found only in isolated pairs during the winter, it would be useless to hunt further.

It was now March 28 and we could stay no longer as it was necessary to get back to the coast in order that we might cross the frozen bridge which separates the Belcher Islands from the mainland during the latter part of March and the first two weeks of April. At that time the floe ice ordinarily wedges in between the mainland and the Belchers and affords a passage for the Eskimo and their dog-teams.

But at least our mission into the interior was accomplished and so we started the long trek back to Great Whale River. Fortunately for us, the weather was fine and travelling the very best. We were able to pass two and sometimes three old camps, representing as many days' travel coming in, in the course of a day. Snowshoes were not necessary in many places; a hard smooth crust made it easy for the Indians to haul their heavy-laden toboggans. Our only serious delay was at Clearwater Lake, where the weather became so balmy that the lake was converted into a sea of slush. Thus we were marooned on a large island in the middle of the lake from March 31 until the morning of April 3, when the temperature dropped to twenty degrees below zero, freezing the surface of the lake so that we had excellent footing and were able to cross the fifteen miles of open ice by afternoon.

Just after leaving the rapids of the Clearwater River, we found that a cache which we were depending upon had been robbed by some unscrupulous Indian. This left us very short of provisions, and since our expedition at this point had eleven Indians, we had to double our efforts to reach Richmond Gulf. But to our dismay, upon reaching Richmond Gulf we found that the women of our own Indians had completely exhausted the last food cache—our only hope for food until we could reach Great Whale River.

The next afternoon we met a large dog-team that had been sent out for us from Great Whale River post by the manager, Mr. Norman Ross, who had learned from some Indians a few days before that our cache had been wiped out, and he had most thoughtfully sent additional provisions.

We arrived at Great Whale River April 8, and found Bob Cruickshank, manager of the Belcher Island post, waiting with dog-team to take us to the Belcher Islands. Needless to say, it was a grand feeling to be seated once again at a table, eating vegetables, fruit and home-made bread with those two jolly post managers in their comfortable headquarters.

THE SERVICE TODAY

ON April 10th Hudson's Bay House was honoured by an informal visit from Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Tweedsmuir. Their Excellencies had visited Lower Fort Garry and the Winnipeg store before, but this is the first time the viceregal party ever visited Hudson's Bay House.

They made a complete tour of the building, showing keen interest in the Land and the Fur Trade departments. The training courses for the Fur Trade apprentices were outlined for them by Ralph Parsons, Fur Trade Commissioner. His Excellency asked many questions regarding the training, the subsequent reports from post managers on apprentices and the system of shifting men from post to post, so that no longer is there any question of men becoming "bushed" in the north, the provisions made for good radio sets at posts, the books, games and so forth sent in for the amusement or education of the men.

The model store in the Fur Trade Depot was inspected. Their Excellencies expressed surprise at the type and variety of goods sent into the north country.

The Radio Room and Carpentry Shop were visited. While in the radio department, Their Excellencies saw a message being sent out to the posts, and included a short note to their son, John Buchan, at Lake Harbour, where he had just arrived after a three-hundred-mile trek by dog team from Cape Dorset. He has been stationed at the Company's post at Cape Dorset since last July.

In the Fur Trade Commissioner's office the viceregal party had a pre-view of the two black beaver skins to be presented to the King on May 24th. The elk heads were not on display; they were securely tucked away in the fur storage in the Winnipeg Store. (As this goes to press, the elk heads and beaver skins go on display in the store.)

The library with its old post volumes, the Charter and Company calendars on the walls, the display of Lorene Squire's pictures, all drew comments. Her Excellency was quite interested in a "Point" Blanket catalogue just off the press. She was also shown an advance copy of the Company's 1940 calendar.

Their Excellencies were accompanied by Capt. D. H. Walker, aide, and Mrs. George Pape. Mrs. Pape wanted further information on fur farming. Her questions regarding the care and raising of ranched mink, marten and fisher, indicated a thorough knowledge of the subject.

Their Excellencies at Hudson's Bay House. From left to right: Lord Tweedsmuir, Lady Tweedsmuir; Mrs. George Pape, lady-in-waiting; Capt. D. H. Walker, aide-de-camp (in background); P. A. Chester, general manager in Canada for the Hudson's Bay Company, and (behind) R. H. G. Bonnycastle, acting secretary of the Canadian Committee.

WINNIPEG FREE PRESS

CF–BMI at Wichita, Kansas, before taking off for Winnipeg. Standing in front of the left wing are pilots Harry Winny and Paul Davoud. The Company's new twin-engine aeroplane was flown from the factory at Wichita by Paul Davoud, accompanied by Pilot Winny and Flight Engineer Duncan McLaren. While by commercial lines Wichita is some twelve hours by air from Winnipeg, the Company men made the trip as the crow flies in five hours and fifteen minutes' flying time, using only half the ship's available power. The machine was designed to use wheels, skis or floats with equal ease, and is an outstanding example of all-metal construction. Early in May it was flown to its permanent base at Edmonton to operate during the summer in the Mackenzie-Athabaska area and in British Columbia.

London Office News

On the 20th April, the Governor and Committee entertained to luncheon the following Rhodes scholars from Canada and Newfoundland now in residence at Oxford University: Messrs. G. M. Brown, Ontario; J. G. Davoud, Ontario; A. C. Findlay, Nova Scotia; R. Gaudry, Quebec; J. E. L. Graham, Ontario; H. D. Hicks, Nova Scotia; A. H. Jarvis, Ontario; A. J. Johnson, British Columbia; R. W. Lawson, Manitoba; J. Logan, British Columbia; J. K. Macalister, Ontario; A. E. Ritchie, New Brunswick; J. R. E. Smith, Nova Scotia; I. G. Wahn, Saskatchewan; A. G. C. Whalley, Quebec. There were also present a number of other distinguished guests, including Dr. C. K. Allen, Warden of Rhodes House, Oxford; Mr. E. F. Millar, Assistant Secretary of the Rhodes Trust; Mr. D. J. Davies, Trade Commissioner for Newfoundland; Mr. J. C. Patteson, European General Manager, Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

During the afternoon a party of the Rhodes scholars was conducted over the Fur Warehouse.

On the 28th April, the Governor entertained to luncheon at Hudson's Bay House, Major D. L. McKeand, Secretary to the North-West Territories Council. We have been very glad to receive a visit from Major and Mrs. McKeand at Beaver House and to have had an opportunity of showing them round the warehouse.

C. G. Wilson, of the Winnipeg Fur Purchasing Agency, is taking a course of training in the warehouse. We have also received a visit from A. A. Holliday, of the Mackenzie-Athabaska district, who was on furlough.

During the past few months a number of department managers from the Retail Stores Department have been over on this side on buying trips. These have included Mrs. P. B. Campbell, Messrs. W. T. Horwood, R. F. Joy, B. J. Rose and T. C. Rudd, all from the Winnipeg store.

The only visitor to the Archives has been Miss Janet MacKay, who is engaged on compiling a biography of the French Admiral Comte Jean de la Perouse, who attacked and captured Fort York and Fort Churchill in 1782.

Fur Trade Commissioner's Office

Fur Trade administration entails a great deal of travelling, and the last quarter was no exception. The Fur Trade Commissioner, with R. A. Talbot and D. E. Denmark, made a quick trip to Regina in late February, and in March the Commissioner visited Montreal and Ottawa. In April he left Winnipeg for Montreal and St. John's.

Donald Denmark spent the greater part of the winter at Cumberland and returned to Winnipeg at the end of March satisfied that the muskrat conservation work was proceeding according to plan.

D. Robertson, H. E. Cooper and John Watson were attached to the Edmonton offices in February and March, returning to Winnipeg on the 1st April, accompanied by R. H. Chesshire, who returned to Edmonton again a few days later. Messrs. Robertson and Watson, at the time of going to press, are again at the western district offices. In March, Mr. Robertson visited Fort Smith.

Paul Davoud (transportation) went to Wichita, Kansas, to inspect the Company's recently purchased "Beechcraft" aeroplane. He brought the ship to Winnipeg 25th April.

Jim Donald (consignments) left for the east in April, and the Mackenzie River Transport trek to Waterways commenced in early May.

Matt Cowan, who spends the greater portion of his time in and around James Bay District, confined his winter travelling to fresh fields this year. He reports the winter in Australia as very stimulating and enjoyable. Mr. Cowan returned to Winnipeg at the end of March to receive congratulations from all his friends on his marriage which took place in Australia. Mrs. Cowan's voyage to Canada was unhappily delayed by illness, but we are to welcome her to Winnipeg in the very near future.

The *Nascopie* sailed from Halifax, N.S., on the 25th March, and arrived at Falmouth, England, on 5th April. There she will undergo repairs and refitting to comply with her third No. 1 Classification Survey. Several passengers availed themselves of the trip, Company men being P. A. C. Nichols, Ungava District, and C. G. Wilson of Winnipeg F.P.A. They will take a short fur grading course in London, returning on the *Nascopie* at the end of June. Other passengers included Major and Mrs. D. L. McKeand.

To conclude this extensive list of travelling activities, R. H. G. (Dick) Bonnycastle is steadily beating a well worn trail to and fro between the Fur Trade and Canadian Committee Offices. Mr. Bonnycastle was recently appointed Acting Secretary Canadian Committee in addition to his Fur Trade personnel work.

The present Apprentice Training School session will end 26th May. Fourteen likely looking lads are now in training, and we anticipate good results from them. With four from the east, four from the west and the balance from central Canada, we have a representative group of future fur traders. Apprentice Dean lost some time from illness, but is now fully recovered and making up for lost time.

Pensioners W. E. Swaffield (Montreal) and Oscar Thompson (Winnipeg) have been under the weather, but both are up and about again. Then we have that astounding pensioner, William Cornwallis King, who celebrated his 94th birthday at his home in Winnipeg on the 6th April. The Fur Trade Commissioner visited Mr. King on that day and expressed the Fur Trade's congratulations.

B. C. Lemon, Hudson; B. D. Campbell, Port Harrison; J. Hope-Brown, Rupert's House; D. Forsyth, Osnaburgh; J. A. Thom, Pangnirtung; F. Lugrin, Hudson, and R. H. Cook, Churchill, have been visiting fur traders. All took refresher courses here, and we extend greetings to Donald Forsyth, whose marriage took place on Saturday, 8th April, to Miss Laura Lemon, sister of B. C. Lemon. Truly an instance of fur trade relations.

Radio headquarters are humming with activity. George Horner is revising, adjusting and packing the transmitters which will be placed at posts during the coming summer.

Hudson's Bay House girls held their annual speed typing competition in early April and are to be congratulated on their highly rated performances. Congratulations to Miss Jean McGill (Retail Stores Office), who attained a speed of 101.8 words (net) per minute for 15 minutes, and especially to Miss Irene Werrell (F.T.C.O.) for a perfect paper—no errors. Fur Trade girls were generally to the fore, receiving many honourable mentions.

Mackenzie River Transport

The Mackenzie River Transport is now busily engaged in preparing for what we hope will be another record season. While the international situation is somewhat unsettled and has a tendency to slow up operations in the Goldfields-Yellowknife and other mining areas, we still feel that at the close of the season the tonnage handled will prove to be satisfactory.

Our transport has been successful in obtaining all Government contracts for shipment this season to points in the Mackenzie river and Western Arctic districts.

J. A. Davis, shipyard foreman, and crew are already at Tar Island shipyard preparing vessels and barges for launching after break-up. Our manager, D. Hutchison, accompanied R. H. Chesshire recently on a trip to the Pacific coast and interviewed various men who will be going north to man our vessels.

We welcome T. B. Thomas-Peter from the Saskatoon store, who succeeds L. D. Hughes as controller, and wish him every success in his new duties. We are also pleased to welcome D. H. Hamilton and Mrs. Roma MacLeod, who joined our staff in March.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Barker on the birth of a son, John Mackenzie, at Edmonton on 21st April Capt. D. B. Naylor was married on 11th March to Miss Margaret Sloane, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Sloane of Edmonton. Our

Western Arctic District Manager A. Copland, Capt. R. J. Summers on the M.S. "Fort Ross."

The "Fort Ross" off Tuktuk.

The Fur Trade Commissioner at Whitehorse on his Yukon tour. Left to right: J. Gregg, manager Whitehorse post; Ralph Parsons, J. Milne, Pilot Wasson, W. McBride.

The churchyard at Fort McPherson, Mackenzie district, where Inspector Fitzgerald and his companions are buried.

best wishes to Capt. and Mrs. Naylor who have recently returned to Edmonton from a honeymoon spent in Victoria, B.C.

Recent visitors at our office during the last few weeks include Bishop Sovereign, Bishop Fallaize, Father Ehman, Messrs. Wm. Jewitt and Mike Finland of Consolidated Mining & Smelting Co.

The Mackenzie Hotel at Fort Smith, under the management of Paul Kaeser, was transferred on 1st April to Mackenzie River district.

With the opening of navigation at an early date the Mackenzie River Transport will be closing their offices in the Birks Building on 2nd May and the staff transferred to Waterways for the summer's operations.

British Columbia District

J. Milne, District Manager, and H. E. Cooper inspected Fort St. James, Hazelton and Kitwanga posts in March.

Word has been received from our Cold Lake post to the effect that T. G. McMillan, clerk, recently underwent an operation for appendicitis. We hope he will soon be fully recovered and back on the job again. Miss L. Murphy is assisting at the post during his absence.

We have also received word from our Little Red River outpost manager, W. J. Clarke, that his little daughter Vera is seriously ill. Mr. Clarke's family live at Fort Vermilion and he left the outpost on 20th March for that point. We sincerely trust that she will make a speedy and complete recovery.

The following members of the posts' staff were visitors to District office during the course of the past two months: H. J. Gallagher, Wabasca; M. H. McKeand, who has been transferred from Wabasca to Hazelton; T. A. Retallack, late of Hazelton and who is now on furlough; and Mrs. J. Copeland, wife of our manager at Fort Grahame. Mrs. Copeland is visiting relatives in Winnipeg and will not return to the post until late next summer.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. J. Holden of Tacla Post on the birth of a son at Prince George hospital on 17th March.

The freighting contract to the Stikine River posts has been renewed with the Barrington Transportation Company for season 1939. And the contract for the Finlay River posts has been awarded to R. F. Corless, Jr.

R. H. Moore, Indian Agent, Vanderhoof, B.C., has been transferred to Duncan, B.C.

Look at a map of the Yukon Territory. Tucked away in the southwest corner, nestling in the Rockies, is Frances Lake, 1,438 miles from Vancouver and accessible only by aeroplane. This winter, a plane landing there and taking in supplies, found our post manager, F. S. Bailey, "as fit as a fiddle," making the fur fly and seemingly not a whit worried that he had not seen a white man since last September.

W. G. Crisp, manager of Telegraph Creek post, advises that he had his first amateur radio contact with Australia at 11.00 p.m. on the evening of the 23rd February. Recently, when the telegraph line was down between Atlin and Telegraph Creek, the provincial government routed all traffic through Mr. Crisp.

As from 1st March, 1939, the Mackenzie Air Service Limited will perform the Peace River-Fort Vermilion Air Stage Service as couriers for the contractors, the United Air Transport Limited.

An extensive building programme is planned for the district this summer. New buildings are proposed for Sturgeon lake, Little Red River outpost, Telegraph Creek, Carmacks, Stewart River and Dawson.

The olden days are recalled as the Company plans an extension of its policy started this outfit in the Yukon Territory. We already have posts at White Horse and Fort Selkirk and the outpost Frances Lake. Three other posts will be opened up this summer at Dawson, Carmacks and Stewart River.

The last Company post in the Yukon Territory was abandoned in 1890. Previous to that, Fort Yukon was another of our posts in this District, but, with the settlement of the Alaska boundary, was abandoned, since it lay in U. S. territory.

Western Arctic District

The ratting season is in full swing in the Mackenzie delta and reports indicate that a good catch is expected. Trappers from further afield are moving in to the delta for the spring hunt.

We learned from one of our post's journals that the two Eskimo reindeer herders drove their charges across Husky Lakes and reached the Kugalook country in mid-winter. The herd, numbering eight hundred head of reindeer, is headed toward the Anderson River. This is the first experiment to be conducted by the government with Eskimo herders in charge since the reindeer arrived at the Kittigazuit Reindeer Preserve.

The usual R.C.M. Police patrol arrived at Baillie Island and A. G. Figgures accompanied the patrol to Tuktuk in preparation for Mr. Reiach's relief in early May. Mr. and Mrs. Reiach will travel to Aklavik before break-up to facilitate the transfer of management before the busy season. Bill Johnston is due for furlough this summer.

H. E. Peffer of Aklavik visited Edmonton on business, and paid us a brief visit before returning to Aklavik.

Pilot Bisson is to be congratulated on his work this winter. With Bishop Fallaize as a passenger, all Roman Catholic missions were visited, including the remote mission at Walker Bay where Father Bulliard is in charge. H.B.C. radio stations are proving a boon to pilots, as weather reports are always available for aircraft. Station CY7T at Fort Collinson went on the air on 4th March and, in addition to monthly reports on trade, weather observations have been relayed daily through the control station at Coppermine. Station CY8M, Baillie Island, went off the air when Mr. Figgures departed for Tuktuk.

Apprentice Carl Larson recently arrived at King William Land.

Two members of the *Fort Ross* crew returned to the vessel recently, L. A. Adey from Hant's Harbour, Newfoundland, and J. M. Piercey from Halifax, N.S., where he was successful in obtaining his engineer's certificate. Mr. Adey will take up his duties as mate and will probably remain in the Arctic next winter. Mr. Piercey will be chief engineer. Preparations are under way for the transport season and the *Fort Ross* will leave winter quarters in late July.

Police and missionaries are very active this year and, despite curtailed dog teams, long trips have been undertaken. Increased business has kept our own men right on the job and some fine results have been reported.

Jack Lickert arrived from Coppermine recently and paid us one or two calls. He states that he is finished with the Arctic and is planning a holiday in England.

While women residents in the Arctic take a very active interest in the health of natives attached to the various settlements, this work is sometimes distasteful owing to the natives' lack of the most elementary knowledge concerning the rules of hygiene. The reward is the satisfaction of seeing the sufferer restored to health, although sometimes it does take a more material form. Mrs. F. B. Milne of Cambridge Bay, who is an honourary lay dispenser, appointed by the government, recently had a case where a child, left in her care by an Eskimo mother who had expected the child to die, was returned to the parents in excellent health three weeks later. Mrs. Milne was rewarded with one whole seal liver by the grateful mother, a gift that will be understood by readers who have lived in the Arctic when meat was scarce.

J. E. Sidgwick recently returned from England, where he had instruction in fur grading at the London warehouse, and is at present in Winnipeg on a refresher course.

W. F. Joss will travel to Bathurst Inlet before the close of the outfit to relieve Ralph Jardine, who will proceed to Coppermine, where he will take charge temporarily, pending his relief for dental treatment.

Mackenzie-Athabasca District

Mrs. John M. Fitzgerald died at Halifax, N.S., on Saturday, 11th February, 1939, at the age of 94. This brief notice recalls a story of suffering and devotion to duty which ended in the laying to rest in the little churchyard at Fort McPherson of the bodies of her son, Inspector Frank Fitzgerald of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, and three companions.

The inspector perished when caught in Arctic storms while leading a patrol from Fort McPherson to Dawson City twenty-seven years ago. After struggling for days to seek relief for his hungry and frost-bitten companions, he too reached the limit of his strength.

Dated 5th February, 1912, the final entry in Inspector Fitzgerald's diary read: "All monies in dispatch bag and bank, clothes, etc., I leave to my dearly beloved mother, Mrs. J. M. Fitzgerald, Halifax. God bless us all. . . . ." It was written with the charred end of a blunt stick.

In the public gardens at Halifax stands a simple plaque to his memory. In the quiet God's Acre at Fort McPherson is a

tombstone which recounts his heroic end. The name of one of our posts was changed from Smith's Landing to Fort Fitzgerald to commemorate the episode. Inspector Fitzgerald served the Force well during his life, but in his death he added a page to its annals which the passing of time will not dim.

The construction party of the 300-mile road linking the Peace river and Great Slave lake reached Hay river early in April. It is sufficiently advanced that three tractor trains were able to traverse it from south to north, although considerable improvement and some widening has still to be done. Yellowknife is the destination aimed at and it is intended to traverse the stretch between Fort Resolution and that settlement later. The length of the new route between Fort Vermilion and Yellowknife is 500 miles. It will afford access to the mining settlement during winter months, but the miles of muskeg and numerous wide rivers to be crossed will prohibit summer travel, unless the two governments concerned in the venture are prepared to spend a very great deal of money for solid road beds and bridges.

"Struggling against fierce Arctic blizzards—savage dogs, hearts-a-throb, pulling sleighs heavily loaded with bacon, caribou meat and flour—plunging into huge snowdrifts—following frozen river in frenzied haste before the dreaded spring break-up comes—trap lines and mining claims deserted—Arctic night casting its pall over two thousand miles of desolate waste—with Canadian Pacific trains, engines belching steam and smoke and coaches warmed and lighted, awaiting at strategic railheads—thousands of patriotic and loyal Canadians are trekking from the frozen north to Winnipeg, Regina and Edmonton to welcome Their Gracious Majesties, King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, when they pay their long-looked for visit to Canada." Thus a writer in a largely circulated London (England) newspaper wrote early in March.

Thousands will flock to the towns and cities which will be included in the Royal progress, but the writer has evidently gathered much of his material from an "Epic of the North" probably filmed in California. He does not realize how air-minded our northern residents have become in the space of a few short years; how one can breakfast at Aklavik one day and dine at Edmonton the next evening; that a two-thousand-mile hop is a commonplace event nowadays; that you breakfast at Edmonton and lunch at Fort Smith. Neither does he know that if you dwell a little too far from a radio-telegraph station to book a seat by wireless message, you simply make a neat little sign with spruce tree brush on the frozen river and it will not be long before a courteous pilot will drop down out of the blue to be of service to you.

(The official emergency signals for communication with aircraft from the ground in "bush" operations are:

V—call to pilot to land on account of sickness or other emergency.

X—Signal to pilot that landing is unsafe.

II—to indicate safe landing, set out indicative of direction of the runway.

"For summer use, interrupted smoke signals, the paddling of a canoe in close circles, or a sheet of white tent laid flat on the lake shore or clearing in the bush in the form of the 'V,' which is used in winter, denote that an emergency exists and that the pilot observing the signal should land.")

W. R. Garbutt, Fort Nelson post, is in Edmonton receiving medical attention as the result of having suffered from a frozen foot while tripping. Although Mr. Garbutt's great toe is giving trouble, he is, nevertheless, recovering nicely and it is anticipated that he will get by without losing any part of the foot.

Our General Manager, Mr. P. A. Chester, Messrs. D. Robertson, Fur Trade Controller, and H. E. Cooper, Merchandise Manager, were visitors to Edmonton in March, also Mr. Andrew Reid, Manager, Yellowknife post.

The following new apprentices are welcomed to the district: R. F. Aitchison, R. J. Furness, Clare Kinton.

Saskatchewan District

Another three months have passed since the last brief summary of Saskatchewan District events and not much has happened in that period to upset the even tenor of life at our various posts, now equally distributed between Saskatchewan and Manitoba, and one lone unit in Ontario.

Winter freighting has been completed and the operations of aeroplanes, tractors, snowmobiles, horse teams and dog teams engaged in this important part of our northern operations, have done an exceptionally good job, reports concerning shortages, breakages and damages having been rare. Well over a thousand tons of miscellaneous supplies were transported over many different trails to more or less isolated points scattered throughout northern Manitoba and Saskatchewan with infinitesimal loss.

Saskatchewan District is not particularly noted for its reports concerning exploration of little known sections of the country or hazardous trips by dog team or canoe, in fact, due to the ease and comfort of present day aeroplane travel most of our post managers entirely omit any reference to this subject. This makes all the more noteworthy the recent trip of Lance-Corporal M. Chappuis, R.C.M.P., who left Cumberland House early in January on a patrol to Sturgeon Landing, Pelican Narrows, South Reindeer lake, Lac du Brochet and on to Nueltin lake in the Northwest Territories. Leaving Nueltin on 19th February, he returned to Cumberland House via Stoney Rapids, Fond du Lac, Wollaston lake, Hatchet lake and Lac du Brochet, scheduled to arrive back at his detachment on 10th April. A glance at the map would indicate that this is one of the longest of the present day Police patrols.

E. W. Hampton of Oxford House is again to the fore in short wave radio activities of the district, having successfully conducted a questionnaire which required establishing contact with as many of our short wave stations as possible. The list of contacts he definitely established and received satisfactory replies from is too formidable to appear here, but it includes such points as Pangnirtung, Wolstenholme, Repulse Bay, Cape Smith, and Cape Dorset. Mr. Hampton is fast becoming a wizard of the key and tube, and cooperates enthusiastically in all matters for improving inter-post communications.

Nelson River District

District Manager W. E. Brown made a winter inspection trip to the following points: Pukatawagan, Nelson House, South Indian lake, Wabowden, Shamattawa, York Factory, Gillam, Churchill, Caribou and Split Lake, returning to Winnipeg 23rd March. All members of the staff and their families were enjoying good health in spite of—or possibly because of—the abnormally low temperatures experienced this year. The low spot, during the inspection trip, was Shamattawa where a minimum of 58° below zero was registered.

It is reported that one west coast Eskimo, Angnatak, lost his life in a blizzard and that several Eskimos suffered varying degrees of frostbite due to low temperatures.

The aeroplane has largely supplanted the use of the dog team for inspection work, but at least one post is visited in Nelson River District by dog team. This is Caribou, about 120 miles across the Barrens from Churchill. Just a weekend jaunt, by comparison, when one looks back in retrospect to the winters when freeze-up and break-up marked the beginning and end of dog team trips which kept district managers and inspectors on the trail most of the winter, but a jaunt that serves to emphasize how aeroplanes and radio have destroyed the barriers of time and distance in the north. We still have with us that hardy breed of trappers who by incredible toil and hardship gather the furry harvest. In their battle with nature these men develop their own philosophy of life—and politics. One of these trappers stoutly maintains that the Mussolinians, and not Italians, were engaged in the conquest of Ethiopia.

Lest we create a false impression that the dog team is now used only by trappers, we would point to the winter patrols by dog team recently completed by members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police detachments in Northern Manitoba, the west coast of Hudson Bay, and other sections of the north.

All winter freighting in the district has been completed. Aeroplanes, dog teams, tractors and horse teams have contributed their bit to the movement of supplies. Until the end of the in-between season sub-arctic transport will be at a standstill, but preparing for the usual summer activity.

The following are the M.S. *Fort Severn's* proposed Outfit 270 operations:

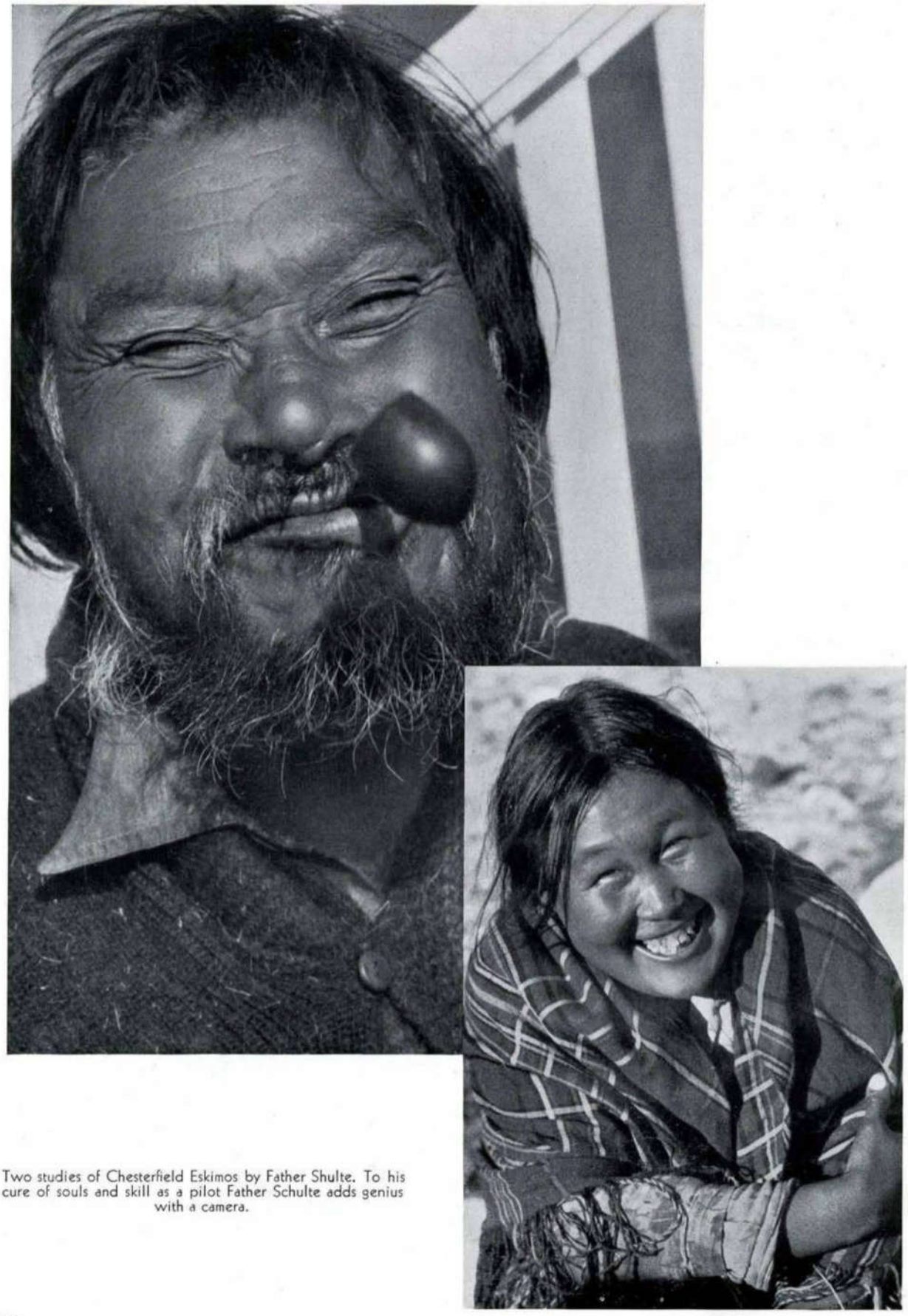
Trip No. 1—Leave Churchill 3rd July for York Factory.

Trip No. 2—Leave Churchill 12th July for Nonala, Eskimo Point, Tavane and Chesterfield.

Trip No. 3—Leave Churchill 25th July for Severn and York Factory.

Trip No. 4—Leave Churchill 7th August for Chesterfield and Baker Lake.

Trip No. 5—Leave Churchill 22nd August for Repulse Bay and all west coast points.



Two studies of Chesterfield Eskimos by Father Shulte. To his cure of souls and skill as a pilot Father Schulte adds genius with a camera.

This schedule, due to the difficulty of forecasting weather and ice conditions, is subject to change, as the pack ice off Capes Churchill and Tatnam can form an impenetrable barrier to navigation under certain conditions. Generally speaking, however, ice conditions seem to have moderated somewhat in recent years.

Many and varied are the transport problems encountered in this district, the most recent one being an order for two trained oxen, to be taken by plane over three hundred miles of wilderness to their destination. This involved a number of conferences, the measuring of plane doors and a scaling down of the size of the oxen. The suggestion was made that two young calves and a few drums of powdered milk might be the best solution to the problem. For our part we are inclined to agree, and we feel sure that the pilot who eventually takes the job in hand would approve this solution.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Cook returned to Winnipeg after a furlough in the Old Country. Mr. Cook will spend the next few weeks on a refresher course, prior to his transfer.

We wish to take this opportunity of welcoming apprentices Geo. Gardner and Wm. Robinson to the district.

T. C. Moore visited Winnipeg during February for examination after a period of convalescence at his home in Cochrane, Ontario. After spending a few days in the hospital, he returned to Cochrane.

During March, Charles Oman captured a polar bear cub near Churchill and arrangements were made by this office for its disposal to the Winnipeg Parks Board. It is now quartered at the park and we feel safe in predicting that it will be one of the feature attractions of Assiniboine Park.

James Bay District

Hearty congratulations to District Manager M. Cowan, on the occasion of his recent marriage while on his vacation in Australia. The staff of the district wish Mr. and Mrs. Cowan every happiness.

The winter mail packet left Moose Factory 21st February for Great Whale River with Robbie Linklater again in charge. Due to the dog sickness prevalent on the east coast considerable trouble was experienced on the trip north, but the packet reached Great Whale River on 10th March. Apprentice Bryce Merrill travelled with the mail packet from Rupert's House to Great Whale River en route to Belcher post.

Robert Cruickshank has just come out for furlough after spending six years on the Belcher Islands. He travelled by dog team from Belcher post via Great Whale River to Fort George, and from Fort George to Cochrane by aeroplane. He brought out the winter mail from Belcher, Great Whale River and Fort George, and this reached us about four weeks earlier than anticipated.

G. T. Moore travelled from Moose Factory to Rupert's House in February to undertake repairs to the motor launch *Jacqueline*. This boat is used during the summer by Mr. Watt for extensive survey work for the beaver sanctuaries at Rupert's House and Charlton Island.

From Nemaska post, D. G. Boyd advises that he and Mrs. Boyd are looking after a young Indian girl suffering from frozen feet.

Capt. J. O. Nielsen, for many years master of the *Fort Churchill*, recently visited Toronto in order to sit for an examination for his master's papers. We are glad to learn that he successfully passed all tests without difficulty.

Canada Arctic Fisheries, Limited, have been conducting an investigation in James Bay with a view to establishing commercial fishing. Field headquarters for the company are located at Moosonee. Investigations on the west coast to date did not prove satisfactory and data is now being sought along the south coast as far north as Old Factory river between Eastmain and Fort George posts.

Reports from Ogoki post indicate the current epidemic of flu has been very prevalent in this area. We very much regret to learn that nine native deaths have been recorded to date as a consequence.

Our Weenusk post manager, R. B. Carson, who accompanied a badly frozen Indian from Weenusk to Sioux Lookout by plane last December, has now returned to his post. He left Moosonee by dog team 21st January, but was held up due to sickness and reached Weenusk 21st February.

The Ontario Department of Game and Fisheries declared an open season for beaver 25th March to 15th April. This is the first open season for beaver in certain parts of the province for over ten years.

The Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario has commenced work on the power line from Ear Falls to Hudson and Sioux Lookout. The power line is also being extended from Uchi Lake to Pickle Crow mining area. Several hundred men will be employed on this work during the spring and summer, and we look for increased activity at Hudson post.

Many and varied are the daily tasks of our posts staffs. We quote from Attawapiskat Post Journal of Events under date of 24th November, 1938: "A. H. Michell filled two teeth for R. C. Ross this afternoon."

From Belcher Post Journal of Events we culled the following entries: "Monday, 13th February, 1939—A bad day for Belcher Post, Peter Sala and Kennora arrived from the south, the bearers of ill tidings. It appears that during the high wind of Friday, Sala, Kennora and their families, together with the Widow Kudmudluk and her two boys, were caught out while shifting camp. They became separated and spent the night in different places without shelter. The two boys were alone and when found next day the younger, Johnasie, had frozen one hand and was very weak and sick. Towards evening Lucasie arrived from the north relating how two other natives had started for the post on Saturday and one of them had not been seen since. Lucasie came in for relief for the North Belcherites as they were practically destitute. Rations were issued and plans made for Cruickshank to visit Sala's camp tomorrow."

Tuesday, 14th February.—"Cruickshank left by dog team soon after breakfast for Sala's camp to attend Johnasie, returning at 4 p.m., and reported the sick boy feeling better after having his hand dressed."

Visitors from the posts during the quarter included the following: Mrs. A. K. Black, Ogoki; Mrs. A. Riach, Cavell, and B. C. Lemon, manager of Hudson, who spent March in Winnipeg on a refresher course.

St. Lawrence District

The Laurentian mountains section this winter enjoyed one of the best skiing seasons for some years. The snowfall was exceptionally heavy and thousands of enthusiasts from eastern Canada and the United States have enjoyed excellent skiing conditions in the mountains north of the city. At Mont Tremblant a special development has been planned which will ultimately make it one of the finest skiing areas of the Dominion. This mountain is one of the highest in the range and a two mile long ski-chair way is being built similar to one in Sun Valley, California. Skiing has increased in popularity in Quebec during the past few winters to such an extent that special trains leave New York on Friday evening for Ste. Agathe, returning Sunday evening. The mountains are interlaced with numerous well defined trails along which it is possible to travel for miles with no danger of becoming lost. These trails are also useful in summer for guiding fishermen to lakes and creeks which otherwise might be almost inaccessible.

The weather in Montreal this spring is said to have been the worst experienced in over eighty years. It has been continuously cold and stormy right up to the middle of April and the streets still contain much snow which in ordinary years would have thawed out before that date. Ice conditions in the Gulf of St. Lawrence are also proving unusually difficult this season and liners due to arrive here on 14th April from the Old Country were diverted to Halifax and St. John.

In March seven caribou were seen a few miles from Obijuan post. This animal has not been seen in that section for over fourteen years. Several caribou also appeared last December near Woswonaby which lies about four or five days' travel to the north and west of Obijuan.

One of our visitors during March was J. E. Love, formerly manager of the Mingan Fur Farm. He is now located at Dover-Foxcroft, Maine.

On 11th March two large flocks of eider ducks were seen flying down the coast at Natashquan, a most unusual sight at that time of year. Local estimates place the number of birds at around 1000.

A large hydro-electric plant is being constructed on the Upper Ottawa River, in the vicinity of Grande Lac post. Already 9000 tons of equipment and supplies have been transported by sleigh and tractor to the dam site. Fifty acres have been cleared of trees and stumps and about thirty houses built for the technicians and workers. Construction of the dam and the plant will employ about 2000 men, and the dam will require more than 70,000 cubic yards of cement, and about 1000 tons of steel.

Mrs. K. Keddie of International Grenfell Association called at the office in March. She spent some time in Bermuda, B.W.I., and also Maryland, U.S.A. She expects to visit Montreal again in May before returning to resume her work at Cartwright, Labrador.

The bridge over the Little Natashquan River broke early in the morning of 23rd January due to an excessively high wind storm. The eastern span is lying on the ice, with about three or four feet of water over it at high tide.

We are pleased to welcome two new members to the district staff, S. D. R. Crone and A. G. Holdway. Both are graduates of the Apprentice School at Winnipeg and are located at Pointe Bleue

and Seven Islands respectively. They have our best wishes for a successful career in the Company's service.

On 7th April six men from the village of Johan Beetz Bay in the Lower Gulf of St. Lawrence, narrowly escaped death from exposure and hunger. The party were on their way to Havre St. Pierre in a small boat and ran into a gale with snow and soon lost their sense of direction. The ice closed in and they were held fast about ten miles from land. On Saturday, 8th April, they were sighted by a Quebec Airways pilot who was on a mail trip, but due to ice conditions the plane was unable to land. The pilot immediately reported the men's plight at Havre St. Pierre where a rescue party was organized and the men were brought safely to the village Sunday morning, 9th April. Although the men suffered greatly from exposure they were all reported resting comfortably at their respective homes, amidst much rejoicing, as they had been given up for lost until sighted by the plane.

Labrador District

It was a very mild fall and early winter on the Labrador, but in mid-January cold weather set in and continued without a break to the time of writing these notes. During the mild weather fur-bearing animals, rabbits and partridges were fairly plentiful along the coast but afterwards they completely disappeared except for a few signs inland.

Rev. F. M. Grubb, Moravian missionary at Hopedale, and Miss Emily Johnson, Moravian mission school teacher at Makkovik, were united in marriage at Makkovik on 12th February. We extend felicitations and wish them every happiness.

We join with their many friends in congratulations to Rev. and Mrs. Sparshott at Cartwright on the birth of a son.

Post Manager W. J. Cobb of Cartwright, who recently underwent hospital treatment there, has fully recovered and is back at his post.

On 25th March the Fur Trade Commissioner called up St. John's District Office from Montreal. It was the first telephone call from outside Newfoundland on behalf of the Company over the newly established wireless telephone system.

The Company's radio station established last summer at Hebron is maintaining constant communication with us via the Marconi wireless station at Cartwright.

Messrs. Job Brothers and Company have recently purchased the motor ship *Continent* in London, England, for their Newfoundland trade, replacing the M.S. *Lutzen* lost off Cape Cod in February. The M.S. *Continent* is a steel ship of 455 tons gross and is eight years old. She will arrive about 15th May and after installation of refrigeration plant will engage in the salmon industry.

A shipment of nine caribou has been made from Newfoundland for the Nova Scotia Game Sanctuary at Luscombe, Halifax county. A party of four men were occupied almost five months in capturing them, notwithstanding their having seen many large herds.

None of the seven steamers engaged in the seal fishery this spring has secured good trips. This is particularly discouraging at the present time because a successful sealing voyage generally provides the means to many fishermen to secure outfits for the cod-fishery.

Ungava District

A routine report in the Sugluk Journal of Events:

March 16th—Kertina, Lucas, Adam, Etookalook, Nowlietuk, and Kudgulik, Eskimo hunters, were driven out on the ice today while hunting seals for food. Kituk, who was with them for a time, reports that an hour after he left them the wind sprang up, the ice broke away, and swiftly was blown completely out of sight. These six men are not very well outfitted for an extensive cruise on an ice pan in the ocean, so unless they get back in a hurry they are going to have a hard time. There is no hope of their returning tonight for at the time of writing (10 p.m.) the wind is blowing with gale force.

March 17th—No sign of the seal hunters yet. Eskimo Tyra was up on the hill today but reports that as far as he could see there was no ice in sight.

March 18th—No sign of the seal hunters yet.

March 19th—Wind favourable for the Eskimos on the ice today so they may perchance manage to get ashore somewhere along the coast.

March 20th—The six Eskimos arrived at the post at five this morning. They report getting ashore about six miles down the coast at midnight. All in good condition except being tired and thirsty.

Reports reach us that Bishop Clabaud of the Arctic has completed his journey from Pond's Inlet via Arctic Bay and Igloolik to Repulse Bay, while W. J. G. Ford made the trip from Arctic Bay to Igloolik in February. Mr. and Mrs. Manning of the British Canadian Arctic Expedition were reported "all well" at the Hantszch River on 12th March.

On 1st March, District Accountant C. H. J. Winter was transferred to F.T.C.O. and his place taken by O.M. Demment. In May, Mr. Winter transfers to take up duties in Edmonton. Post Manager J. A. Thom was in Winnipeg during April for a refresher course, as likewise B. D. Campbell during the month of March. B. D. Campbell will be spending April and May at Red Lake post and will later journey east to join the *Nascopie* for the Eastern Arctic. P. A. C. Nichols sailed with R.M.S. *Nascopie* from Halifax on 25th March and is at present on holiday in England. He will return in the same vessel to Montreal before proceeding to the Arctic.

Montreal Fur Trade Depot

With the beginning of spring all Montrealers look forward to the opening of navigation. The government ice-breakers have been operating for some time and have opened a channel in the river as far as Montreal. Although the port did not open as early as last year, we have already made shipments from Quebec to Natashquan and will soon be shipping to Blanc Sablon. Ice conditions at the time of writing are very bad in the Straits of Belle Isle and the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the larger steamship companies have had to send their steamers to the winter ports of St. John, N.B., and Halifax, N.S., instead of Montreal.

The R.M.S. *Nascopie* will again berth at Shed No. 46 when in Montreal, and during the month of June this shed will be used for supplies for shipment to the Eastern Arctic by the *Nascopie*. When the ship arrives at the end of June, all merchandise will have been assembled ready for loading in its proper order.

Our first shipment of supplies for the Labrador District posts left Montreal by S.S. *Belle Isle* on 5th May, for St. John's, Newfoundland.

STAFF CHANGES

BRITISH COLUMBIA DISTRICT

Name	From	To
M. H. McKeand	Apprentice, Wabasca	Apprentice, Hazelton
D. H. Pitts	Apprentice, Port Simpson	Apprentice, Wabasca
T. A. Retallack	Apprentice, Hazelton	Furlough

MACKENZIE-ATHABASCA DISTRICT

G. Gardner	Appren., Fort Chipewyan	Appren., Nelson River Dist.
M. L. LaVallee	Stenographer, Dist. Office	Resigned

SASKATCHEWAN DISTRICT

J. M. S. McLeod	Assistant, Lac la Ronge	Assistant, Cedar Lake

NELSON RIVER DISTRICT

G. Gardner	Appren., Fort Chipewyan	Apprentice, Pukatawagan

JAMES BAY DISTRICT

Name	From	To
J. G. Boyd	Manager, Red Lake	F.T.C.O.
W. A. Hunter	Saskatchewan District	Manager, Minaki
J. L. Charlton	Furlough	Manager, English River
J. Hope-Brown	Manager, English River	F.T.C.O.
A. Hughes	Furlough	Manager, Osnaburgh
D. Forsyth	Manager, Osnaburgh	F.T.C.O.
B. Merrill	Appren., Rupert's House	Apprentice, Moose Factory

ST. LAWRENCE DISTRICT

D. E. Cooter	Mgr., Weymontachingue	Assistant, Pointe Bleue
T. D. Lindley	Assistant, Baie Comeau	Furlough
J. W. Stevenson	Apprentice, Pointe Bleue	Furlough

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